No. 1761.

Fit Triplex -and be safe HILLMAN do.

THE BYSTANDER, JULY 7, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret : A Going-Out Guide

Paris Exhibition

1/-

WHAT'S THE BEST COCKTAIL ? —

'GIN AND LILLET' of course

5/6 a bottle.
Agents: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd 16, Water Lane, E.C.3.

DEMAND THE J&B BRAND OF TABLE WATERS

BY APPOINTMENT

JEWSBURY & BROWN, LTD.
MANCHESTER and BRANCHES

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

10 YEARS OLD
HIGHLAND QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY
MACDONALD & MUIR, Scotch Whisky Distillers, LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.

SPINK Est. 1772
cash buyers of . . .
FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER
5,6 & 7 KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 5275

HOTEL LOTTI PARIS

In the Centre of the Shopping district

7, 9, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE

Room and bath from 15/-
Choice Lunch or Dinner, 6/6 or 7/6

Telegrams: Otelotti, Paris.

Renowned for its quiet distinction, excellent service and cuisine

NEW BAR-GRILL—11 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE.

THE ACADEMY OF BEAUTY CULTURE, LTD.

73, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Telephone : Mayfair 0438

SAFE, PERMANENT AND PAINLESS CURE FOR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR BY LATEST VIENNESE METHOD

BRITISH HOTELS

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

Appeals to gentlefolk by its quiet refinement and comfort. A hundred years old but essentially modern in all its appointments. Real comfort and quiet awaits you. Electric lift, private suites, central and electric heating, large public rooms, 120 ft. Sun Lounge, facing the sea, famous chef, first-class cuisine and vintage wines. Write for illustrated booklet. Terms from as low as 4½ gns. weekly inclusive. Telephone: Hastings 869

England's most beautiful holiday-land—the Lake District. Its leading Hotel—

THE KESWICK

at KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER

Illustrated tariff from J. & M. WIVELL & SON, *Proprietors.*

THE FOREST HILLS HOTEL

LOCH ARD, ABERFOYLE.

A Hotel magnificently and artistically equipped, having a remarkable situation in a beautiful and unspoiled Highland district. 18 Acres of grounds of flower and rock gardens, terraces, waterfalls, etc. Perfect Cuisine, deft Service, Palatial Public Rooms, comfortable Bedrooms (H. & C.), modern Bathrooms, Central Heating and Electric Light. Lock-up Garages. Golf at Aberfoyle, Callander and Gleneagles. Fishing on Loch Ard free to residents. Charges moderate. Apply Management for Tariff. 'Phone and Telegrams: Kinlochard 215.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ASCOT

When in Paris, don't get homesick for a real British Bar—just drop in at the ASCOT, 66, rue Pierre Charron, in the Champs-Elysées quarter, and you'll think you have crossed the Channel! Cheerio and all that. Moderate prices too. Remember the name!

AUSTRIA

Semmering.–Grand Hotel Panhans.–World-renow'd htl. of Aust. Alps. 60 mls. fr. Vienna. Sports, Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up.

Semmering.–3,000 ft. a.s.l.–1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel, The Golfer's Home.**— Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.–Palace Hotel.–Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf, Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front, near Casino. Free conveyance to Links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.–C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.–The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Incl. from 70 frs., with bath from 85 frs.

Juan-les-Pins.—Ambassadeurs.—1st-class. Sunny rooms with balcony facing beach. Moderate terms. A.A., R.A.C.

Le Touquet.–Hotel des Anglais.–In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—P. de C. Golf Hotel.—Facing Links, Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Mentone.—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full Sout'n. Sea front, own garden, sun-bathing, private beach. From Frs. 35. Open all the year.

FRANCE—*Continued*

Cap d'Ail.–(Nr. Monte Carlo)–Eden Hotel.– 200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rms., 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934 Incl. fr. 65 frs. With bath fr. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.— 1st. cl. up to date, fac. Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Incl. fr. 50 frs., with bath fr. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bellevue.—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Stephanie.— The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Parkhotel.— Pension from M.14.

Baden - Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

Baden - Baden. — Hotel Europe. — Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod. renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden - Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.— Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Kissingen Staatl. — Kurhaushotel.— World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof.— Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim. — Hilbert's Park Hotel. — First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

GERMANY—*Continued*

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Bad Nauheim.–Palast Hotel.–Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. R.M. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

Cologne –Hotel Comœdienhof.–Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6 pr. bath fr. R.M 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst. — The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral.

Cologne.— Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.— Up-to-date renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Dir. Otto Holl.

Cologne.—Hotel Monopol-Metropol.—The Modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class Hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof-Hotel.—The 1st-class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Düsseldorf–Breidenbacher Hof–L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading but not expensive Grill-room—Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.— nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its Hors D'oeuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.**–Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel.–**facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class Quiet location in old Park. Rooms from R.M. 5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.–Hotl. Reichspost. —The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck near **Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Rest'rant Hundseck** (2952 ft.). Sit. Black Fst. 160 beds. Mdn. comf. Pens. fr. R.M7 to R.M9.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.–Hotel Der Königshof Karlsplatz.– First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. from 5 Mks.– New Garage in hotel.

Munich — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts; moderate prices. Sit. the entrance of the old town. Opposite the Station.

Sand.–Kurhaus Sand.–R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

GERMANY—*continued*

Sasbachwalden.–Bl. For.–**Landhaus Fuchs.–** 20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house —priv. swim. pool—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.— (Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. Opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fm. R.M. 12.

Wiesbaden.— Victoria Hotel.— First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring, Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

ITALY.

Stresa.—Lake Maggiore.—**Regina Palace Hotel.—**On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Gunten.–Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).–Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 11.50 up.

Interlaken.–Hotel Schweizerhof.–Renown'd excel. cook. & comf. Rooms fr. fr. 5.50. Pens. rate from fr. 13. Th. Wirth, Man.-Prop.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 100 beds. The best First-class hotel. Incl. terms 10/-. Garden, Garage.

Lausanne. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class. The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.–Hotel Beau-Rivage.–Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–1st-class English House. Finest sit. on lake. Open-air rest. Pte. lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar

Lucerne.—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—A de luxe hotel in unrivalled sit., directly on lake-front, quiet, yet cent. Write for new broch. and map "E."

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar. Bch.

Ouchy - Lausanne. — Hotel du Château. — 1st.-cl. hotel in own park on the lake. Seat of Lausanne Conf. T'ms R.M. 5, Pens. 11. 12 up.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Wengen.–Grand Hotel Belvedere.–First-cl. hotel with every mod. comf., ex. cuis., lge gar., swim., ten., mount'ing, all inc. rates frm 15/-

Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau district. Inclusive terms from Frs.s. 14.50. F. Borter Propr.

No. 1751. Vol. CXXXV.

The Bystander

"Victoria Regina"—in the Fortieth Year of Her Reign

There is a photograph of Queen Victoria taken as she sat at her writing-table with which this portrait by Pamela Stanley should be compared. The likeness is amazing. But it is not by the excellence of her disguises that Miss Stanley's performance must be judged. The subtlety and depth of her changing characterisation comes from within, and is acting of the most satisfying and moving kind. So is Carl Esmond's performance as Prince Albert, a convincing revelation of the Prince Consort's tactfulness, dignity and good sense. More pictures of the Gilbert Miller-Norman Marshall production at the Lyric are on pages 4 and 5. But no photographs give an adequate impression of the richness and beauty of Rex Whistler's setting, or its detail—even to the black-edged note-paper, decorated with a drawing of Balmoral, on which the Queen writes

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

BRITAIN and France have definitely renewed their offer to close the gap in the naval patrol scheme round Spain which has been left open by the withdrawal of Germany and Italy. These two Powers have, however, disliked the offer a good deal, and seem to be toying with the idea of the formal abandonment of non-intervention altogether. And they are still hankering after the granting of belligerent rights to Franco as well. If Franco were to be granted these rights, he would be entitled to stop and search neutral ships on the high seas, and the British Government flatly declines to allow any such thing. A general feeling is spreading that the British and French Governments should point out to Berlin and Rome that if non-intervention is to be abandoned, it will be abandoned by everyone and that French munition-factories are a good deal nearer to Valencia than German and Italian factories are to Salamanca and Burgos.

OF course, it cannot be denied that the French financial crisis is putting extra courage into the hearts of the dictators, not indeed that those tough citizens require much extra courage at any time. But it is obvious that France's troubles are jam for them. On the other hand, the shooting of the Russian generals is a distinct score for the anti-German and pro-French party in the U.S.S.R., and is not, as was at first supposed, a sign of internal Soviet weakness. The generals are now pretty generally thought to have been making little arrangements of their own with the Nazi leaders.

HERR HITLER has been very frank about his objects in the Spanish Civil War, a little too frank, indeed, for those who regard the Civil War as a simple issue between two moral or theoretical points of view. The German Chancellor, in a speech, has openly said that he wants Franco to win in order to get the iron ore from Northern Spain which is so essential to German rearmament.

This statement ought to be carefully noted by all who would dislike the idea of a cordon of German aerodromes, complete with bombing aeroplanes, along the Basque frontier. Which is also the frontier of France. Personally, I am in favour of France not being bombed by Germans from the conquered Basque country. But maybe I am wrong.

THE funny-boys, both in the London press and in the New York press, are very fond of publishing, from time to time, a paragraph under the heading "Without Comment." If I was writing under headings, I would most certainly include under that one, the following: "Everything that could be done on the British and French side to assure the victory of the Valencia Bolshevists has been done. Everything that could be done on the Italian and German side to isolate the Spanish conflagration has been done." No, it wasn't Groucho Marx, it was Signor Mussolini himself.

SIR THOMAS INSKIP has come out hot and strong about the progress of Britain's rearmament. Especially is the Navy ready for anything, according to the Minister of Co-ordination. Our battleships are the best products in the world; our cruisers and destroyers the most powerful and efficient; while reserves of oil on a vast scale have been accumulated, and huge storage has been provided for other supplies. It appears also that the Air Force is increasing every week with amazing rapidity, and that the supply of pilots is keeping pace with the supply of machines and, of course, I suppose, vice versa.

THE Marriage Bill has passed another stage of its long journey towards the Statute Book. It has been read a second time in the Lords. Bishop Barnes spoke strongly in its favour, and the Marquess of Salisbury was the chief opponent. But it was Lord Dawson of Penn who delivered the most striking speech. His speech would have been even more remarkable, if the famous Doctor had not been so modest that it was often impossible to hear what he said. But even the bits that were audible were important enough. He supported the Bill wholeheartedly with the exception of the clause which would make divorce impossible on any grounds until five years after marriage. Two of the Law Lords agreed with him on this point. It looks as though the Lords may amend this clause, in which case the battle will be resumed in the Commons.

SIR PERCY HARRIS, the ever-green and ever-popular Liberal Member for South-West Bethnal Green, has raised emphatically the old grievance of the first-class carriages on the underground railways. He is quite right. When there is an enormous congestion at the rush hours, the third-class carriages are packed to suffocation, while the first-class are filled, daintily, either with nabobs or with cheats. Nothing is more infuriating to the traveller than the sight of fifteen sardine-tins and one empty Albert Hall, linked together and called a train.

Cricketer Golfers

Wally Hammond scored his 123rd century in first-class cricket when he made his heroic 140 against New Zealand, and the next day he and captain G. O. Allen went to Sunningdale for a quiet game of golf, but couldn't escape the photographer

THE Post Office has officially announced that 999, the new emergency-call on the dial telephone, is the only number which could be used owing to technical difficulties. I have no doubt that they are right, as, of course, a Government department cannot be anything else, but it does seem odd that the emergency number should be the one which takes six seconds to dial. It takes just under two seconds to dial 111.

MR. E. C. BENTLEY has edited a collection of short stories by Mr. Damon Runyon, called *More than Somewhat*, and just published by Messrs. Constable. They are all about the tough eggs who frequent Broadway, and they certainly are tough, and they are told in the most weird and wonderful style. I think Mr. Runyon is nearer to O. Henry as a story-teller than anything that has yet come out of the United States. This book contains some brilliant examples and, once you get an idea of what the slang means, is extraordinarily funny.

THE *Manchester Guardian* has just published an account of the life of Paul Morphy, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth has just been celebrated. Morphy was an astounding chess genius who founded the scientific basis of modern chess, and who was incomparably the greatest player of his day. At the age of thirteen, with no other practice except in his American provincial home, he defeated one of the most famous players in the world, and for a few years he was invincible. Then he suddenly gave up chess, and refused even to talk about it. He became a third-rate provincial lawyer, went mad, and died at forty-seven in an asylum.

THE English Test team did not come very well out of the match at Lord's against the New Zealanders. If our bowling cannot get out the tail-end batsmen of this touring side quickly in either innings, its prospects of getting out the opening batsmen of next year's touring side are very thin. Somehow, I do not see Gover and Parks and Verity skittling out Bradman and his colleagues ten times in the Test Matches of 1938.

AMERICA'S victory in the Ryder Cup was thoroughly well deserved, although almost all the matches were desperately close. The match proved several things, at least one of which we knew already, that the American is better at the short game than we are. It also proved that the American golfer is not disconcerted by high wind or pouring rain; that Padgham is out of form; that Cotton is as good as any player in the world; that Rees is a grand golfer; and that Walter Hagen knows more about golf than any man alive.

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

M. Maxim Litvinoff—Soviet Foreign Minister

M. Litvinoff took his turn as a central figure in the world news picture last week as the atmosphere of tension and incidents thickened over the swamps and islands of the Amur River. The People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs and the Japanese Ambassador in Moscow were reported to have had a heated interview—one pictures the dominating, trenchant Russian and the quick-fire Jap playing a grim Far-Eastern chess with islets and river-beds, gunboats and aeroplanes and soldiers. M. Litvinoff knows England well since he was the Soviet's diplomatic representative here for some time. He came to London in May as head of the Soviet Coronation delegation. Since Russia joined the League of Nations he has become a powerful figure at Geneva, and has given the nations to think with some of his speeches, notably on disarmament. He comes from Kiev, at one time edited a Leningrad daily, *New Life*, married an English-woman, Ivy Low, in 1916, will be sixty-one next week, spends his rare free time taking exercise walking, riding or bicycling

The Six o'clock Call—1837

Lord Conyngham (Allan Aynesworth): "Your Majesty, it is my painful duty to announce the death of His Majesty King William."

Morning Glory—1840

Victoria (Pamela Stanley): "But of course to see you shaving is wonderful, something I never thought of."

Prince Albert (Carl Esmond): "Oh, did you think a man has not to shave at all?"

"Victoria Regina"

Some Scenes from the Housman Play That Is Packing the Lyric

A Good Lesson — 1842

Victoria: "But this time I had already told you my wishes and decided for you. So I sent again."

Prince Albert: "Yes, at eleven o'clock I received this—'Albert, I order you to return at once.—V.R.'"

Intervention — 1861

Victoria: "Albert, what's the matter? Are you ill?"

Prince Albert: "I have done. Read it. If you approve, send it."

The Prince has written his last dispatch, amending Lord John Russell's provocative rebuke to America. A moment later, he collapses and dies

The Rose and the Thorn — 1846

" Drink to me only with thine eyes . . ."

The Rose and the Thorn — 1846

The Duchess of Sutherland (Mabel Terry Lewis) : " When I am sent out of the room as if I were a servant, I feel it."

Lady Jane (Penelope Dudley Ward) : " But you do it so grandly, with such an air."

Benjamin Disraeli (Ernest Milton) : " Ah, this tent light is charming. The tempered sunlight, so tender in its reflection, gives an interior, one might say, of almost floral delicacy, making these canvas walls like the white petals of an enfolding flower."

Victoria : " Are you writing another novel, Lord Beaconsfield ? "

The Queen, God Bless Her — 1877

John Brown (James Woodburn) : " Will you have your morning sherry now, Marm ? "

Victoria : " Yes, and bring two glasses."

John Brown : " Come awa', laddie, and tak' your wee walk."

Mr. Rumbold and Miss Felicity Bailey

It was a St. Margaret's wedding between Horace Anthony Rumbold, H.M. Diplomatic Service, Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold's only son, and Felicity Ann Bailey, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. F. G. and Lady Janet Bailey, of 4, Audley Square, W.

Mr. Chambers and Miss Makgill-Crichton

Vernon Chambers and Bunty Maitland-Makgill-Crichton were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, too. He is the younger son of Mr. Robert Anstey Chambers, she is the only daughter of Lt.-Comdr. and Mrs. James Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, of Holland Park Mansions, Holland Park Gdns.

Mr. Ralli and Miss Forman

Godfrey Victor Ralli, Sir Strati and Lady Ralli's elder son, married Nora Margaret Forman at St. Mark's, North Audley St. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forman, of Loddon Court, Spencer's Wood, near Reading

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

THE King and Queen, accompanied by Sir Philip Sassoon as Commissioner of Works—in practice our Minister of Fine Arts, and a very suitable one, too—Lord Eldon and Lady Hambleden, very pretty in blue, arrived at the Tate Gallery at noon to open the sculpture halls given by Lord Duveen.

We noticed Sir Evan Charteris, the chairman, and Mr. Sam Courtauld on the daïs. Most of us had sat for half an hour—it was very hot—trying to pick out noted (living) artists from among the crowd of solemnly top-hatted men, but only found Sir John Lavery. The King and Queen afterwards looked at the new building and moved about quickly in their youthful way.

That clever, attractive couple, the Kenneth Clarkes (he is the youngest director of any national gallery), Lady Cholmondeley, Lady Anglesey with Lady Rose Paget just back from Paris, in the latest sombrero hat; Lady Oxford, the Eric Maclagans, notable dilettanti like Lords Esher and Gerald Wellesley, were some noticed. And Sir "Eddy" Marsh was being inevitably helpful, motioning latecomers to their seats.

At the Tea End

SOME of those present at the Tate looked in later at one of those innumerable Belgrave Square tea-and-cocktails. At the tea end, Lady Salisbury, doyenne of our great hostesses, was seen; also Lady Londonderry, Lady Cunard, Lady Chetwode, the Derwents, Dr. Axel Munthe (always a distinguished attraction), and Sir "Timmie" Chichester.

Latecomers included that popular couple, the Anthony Chaplins (he is a very serious pianist), who are off to Ireland, to Mountstewart to stay with Lord Londonderry, his uncle; Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Dominions Minister; and Princess (Marthe) Bibesco, the writer, who is as well-known in London's literary and political circles as in Paris, where she lives when not in Roumania or in England.

Paris Entertains

POLITICAL changes have not upset the Paris season—on the contrary. Party succeeds party just as Premier succeeds Premier. Last week, instead of being the final burst of gaiety before the liver-cure season at various spas, was only the prelude to another round of entertaining in honour of this or that visiting celebrity, or to baptize this or that pavilion at the Exhibition.

Nothing could have been gayer than the opening of Pampa, the barge belonging to the Argentine Government. Got up as a luxury restaurant, it is moored to Pont Alexandre III. just near the Fun Fair. Its sponsors, who danced in the clean blue and white decor created by "Bébé" Berard, bearded disciple of Jean Cocteau, included the Argentine Ambassador, M. Le Breton, with his wife and three famous beauties—Mme. Martinez de Hoz, whose husband won the Grand Prix last Sunday; the Marquise de Paris (pronounced "Pa-ree"); and Mme. Larivière, whose dresses or jumpers fasten with six enormous four-leaved clovers made of diamonds and rubies—real.

A Popular American

ONLY one thing was wrong with Mrs. Julie Shipman's large dinner-party last Tuesday night, and that was the reason that it was a gesture of farewell made by one of the best hostesses in London and by a woman who endears herself to everyone over here during her annual visits.

The young Countess of Shrewsbury, who was there, was awaiting her husband's return from America any day now. Her sister-in-law, Lady Stanley of Alderley, wore one of the best printed dresses in the room; Lady Inchcape's blonde beauty was enhanced by many white lace frills around her neck and shoulders. Yet another girl at this party was in great good looks—Mrs. Rose Horlick, who very cleverly dresses to match her jewellery: pale grey lace and a belt of deep crimson velvet as a compliment to two lovely ruby and diamond clips. Lord Donegall arrived late after an extremely bumpy journey from Paris. He is off to America next week and is going to stay with Mrs. Shipman in Newport.

An Enchanting Blonde

BOTH Harry Richman and Florence Desmond have filled the Café de Paris on their own. As a "team" they are irresistible, and we shall be lucky to get even a back table on the balcony while they remain there as such.

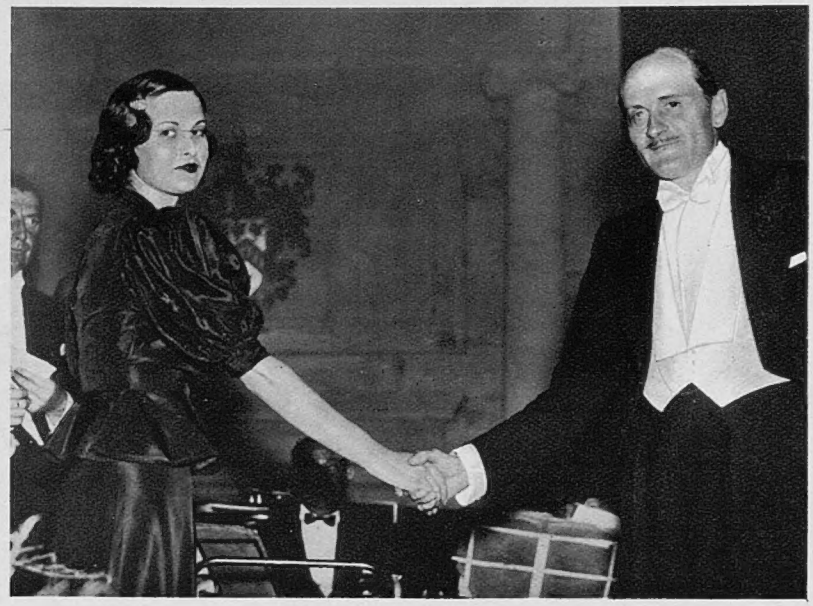
On their opening night there were many big parties; one consisting of Lord and Lady Feversham, Mrs. James Field, and Major and Mrs. Humphrey Butler, who conveniently vacated a large floor-table at midnight to join Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden, who were in day clothes in the balcony.

The Maharaja of Rajpipla was entertaining another party, including Mr. Raymond de Trafford, who bears a strong resemblance to Harry Richman, and Miss Sheila Roche, in the simplest black dress in the room.

Mrs. Boyes, a striking brunette with black hair and very blue eyes, wore a striped confection of many colours that was difficult

The Crofton Christening

Lt.-Col. Sir Morgan and Lady Crofton's baby son was christened Hugh Denis at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, with Lt.-Col. the Hon. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon (in the picture with Lady Crofton) as one of the godparents. Sir Morgan Crofton is the sixth Baronet, married his American third wife in 1933—she is the late Judge Dallett's daughter



Winner of a Film Beauty Competition

Above is Miss Sonia Howard, who won the competition from over a hundred rivals; she is being congratulated by Capt. the Hon. Richard Norton, a judge of the competition and director of a well-known film company. Below are the other judges, Lord Beaverbrook and Lilli Palmer to Capt. Norton's right, Alexander Korda to his left. It was all part of a carnival ball and garden party at Pinewood in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund

but extremely smart, and among those "upstairs" we noticed the Ranee of Sarawak, in a party with her youngest daughter, Miss Valerie Brooke, an enchanting blonde with an early Victorian coiffure.

Brothers and Sisters

Miss Sonia Converse is a born hostess. She can pack that little cottage of hers in Knightsbridge with more people and give them better food than is believable.

The other night, when she had a party for the Juvarajah of Mysore, supper went on continuously for three hours, delicious things like corn-on-the-cob, salmon, and strawberries and cream appearing from her minute kitchen below stairs.

The Juvarajah brought his turquoise-turbanned State musicians who sat on the floor and performed miraculously on the sita and the drum.

It was a brother-and-sister party. Mr. Birkin brought his very attractive sister, Mrs. Seely, who lives in the country and has been having a look at London for a couple of weeks. The Carten sisters, Waveney and Audrey, who are just finishing a play, were there, and their younger brother, who is in *Floodlight*; he came in late with Hermione Baddeley, who has made a great personal success in this much-criticised revue. And there were Lady Carlisle and her sister, Mrs. Barran. The former went off to a debutante dance to collect her young daughter, Lady Caroline Howard, who is one of the most popular of this season's "buds," and having a swell time her first year out.

Startling Scarlet Curls

A quiet week-end at Brighton was a grand reviver after an all-too-hectic and exhausting week in London.

The marvellous hourly Pullman service means that many working Londoners can migrate to this seaside resort instead of to the country for the whole summer. The Bobbie Kirkwoods and Patrick Davisons are two couples who have taken advantage of this worth-while idea.

Bettine Davison is recuperating after a serious illness, while her seventeen-months'-old son startles inhabitants of the beach with his amazing scarlet curls.

The Kirkwoods, who have a house at Hove, have just returned from a four-months' half-business, half-pleasure trip to the West Indies, and relays of week-end guests are visiting this hospitable and charming couple. "Bobbie" is a fortunate young man, born into a big business concern that is itself fortunate to have anyone of his enterprise and energy connected with it. His quiet and charming wife, who has the bluest eyes you or I will ever see, possesses such a flair for flower decoration à la Constance Spry that she could put most florists out of business.

The Albion, which, to the regret of all concerned, Lady Preston is selling, has lately been the temporary home of "Mr. William Hickey," victim of a serious motor accident, who jeopardised his chances of recovery by attending the Coronation with a leg unaccustomed to plaster of Paris; and now of Mr. Eddie Tatham, well-known wit and wine merchant, also convalescent after an operation for appendicitis.

Judges of a Film Beauty Competition

Musicians' Gesture

The Robert Mayers, who run those marvellous concerts for children during the winter, have arranged another kind of concert for children next Monday, the 12th. It is in aid of the 4000 Basque refugee children in England, and will be held in the Mayers' attractive house in Langford Place, St. John's Wood. Four fine artists—Elena Gerhardt, René le Roy, John Hunt, and Ivor Newton—will appear; they have all given their services.

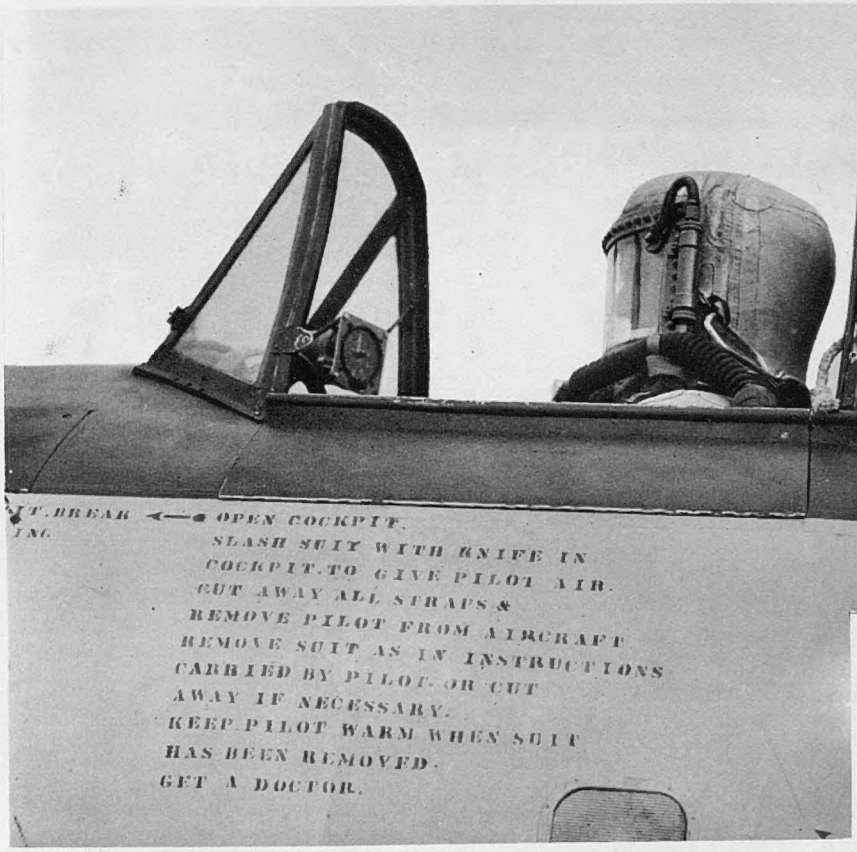
Dancers' Gesture

Colonel de Basil's ballet company will be the stars of a supper-and-dance party on July 21st at the Dorchester. It is being held in aid of the Vic-Wells Completion Fund (£30,000 wanted), so the special programme in which the Russian dancers will appear is a great gesture of friendship to what are virtually the national theatres for drama, opera, and ballet in England.

The list of celebrities—social, stage, musical and dancing—who are connected with this party opens up a heavenly vista for the autograph-hunter—if such an unsophisticated person ever goes to this kind of affair.

MISS PEEPS

The special Bristol high-flying monoplane fitted with Bristol Pegasus engine and two-speed supercharger broke its second record when Ft.-Lt. Adam took it ten miles high. Sq.-Leader Swain broke the record with it last September



The directions on the side of the aeroplane might mean life or death to the pilot if he landed among strangers

Ten Miles High

Flight-Lieutenant M. J. Adam Breaks the Record for Britain

Flight-Lieutenant M. J. Adam left the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough at twenty minutes to six last Wednesday morning and arrived back at five minutes to eight with the height record well broken. It took him an hour and thirty-five minutes to climb to the "ceiling," 53,937 feet from the ground, and half an hour of that time to do the last 4000 feet. He estimated the wind up there at 100 m.p.h. and the temperature was 48·9 deg. below zero centigrade. This lonely adventure of his into the sky, mostly out of sight of the ground, beat Sq.-Leader Swain's record by over three-quarters of a mile and the unofficial Italian record by over half a mile

Screwing the Pilot into His Pressure Suit

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

QUITE unexpectedly, thanks to our old friend and tutor, A. G. ("Slogger") Macdonell, we're able to produce a nice bit of irrefutable backing for that theory we've been putting forward so long and so patiently—namely, that to the modern English cricket isn't a game, but a full religious rite. We might cite a few recent sermons by Public School Heads and Speech Day bigwigs in further support, but we'll just quote from the printed programme of a charity match on Sunday, June 20th, between Mr. P. G. H. Fender's XI. and "Ellens":

Play Commences—11.30 a.m.
Luncheon Interval—1.30 p.m.
Tea—When convenient.
Stumps Drawn—7 p.m.
Short Religious Service at close of play.

The significance of that last item is that it came at the *end* of the day's devotions, and not the beginning. The obvious deduction is therefore that it wasn't really deemed necessary after all that cricket, but was possibly a graceful gesture in the direction of Bishop Jardine, No. 5 on Mr. Fender's batting list. (Macdonell's theory.) "First things first," as Plato or Newton (or Mrs. Hibbs) once said. We've never seen the position so definitely stated before, and having been flouted and scorned so long as licentious triflers and fantastic pipe-dreamers, we're not unreasonably glad to find ourselves justified at last. And, mark you, this was no ordinary occasion. The flower of England's cricketers were on either side. Mr. Fender's XI. included, besides himself and the Bishop, B. H. Lyon, D. J. Knight, A. Sandham, R. Gregory, A. Hilder, J. W. Hitch, A. Gover, and E. Brooks. The "Ellens" XI. included Lord Tennyson, "Gubby" Allen, the Test captain; Major Carlos Clarke, I. A. R. Peebles, Major Brocas Burrows, G. Duckworth, and W. Hammond. Umpires, Andy Ducat and H. Strudwick. The whole thing, in fact, read so much like a Convocation callover that we twice scanned the lists carefully, but in vain, for the mention of two other players named Cosmo Cantuar and William Ebor. Well, were we right? Were we? Ercher!

Idioms. No. 2

"Un malheur ne vient jamais seul"
"It never rains but it pours"

Syrup and Bitters

WHAT famous man wrote *How I Built a Bridge Over the Ganges* and *Better Dead*? And a play called *Ibsen's Ghost*? And plays called *The Wedding Guest, Josephine, The Adored One*, and *A Slice of Life*, and a brilliant long-short story (1931) called *Farewell, Miss Julie Logan*? Unable to bear teasing you any longer, because it hurts us so, we'll tell you here and now. They are minor works of James Mathew Barrie, creator of Peter Pan, whose recent obituaries were slightly surprising. For as long as anyone can remember, the populace had regarded Barrie as the supreme master of whimsy, the Heartbreak King, the little shy Scot who could pluck at Old Sweetheart's quivering heart-strings (Old Sweetheart being you and us, the pulpy British public) just how and when he pleased. This was quite true, but we all forgot, or didn't know, till the all-wise critic boys reminded us, that Barrie had a delicately cruel streak as well.

This streak is detectable in his first book, a piece of lovely fooling called *Better Dead*, whose hero wants to knock off quite a number of eminent personages, in his novel *Sentimental Tommy*, in parts of *My Lady Nicotine*, and—those who knew him intimately say—in half a dozen pretty grim plays he kept locked in his desk and never published. The Bloomsbury boys, as the *Times* obituary genteely hinted, will probably explain this by what their jargon calls an "unsatisfied mother-complex." (John Gunther explains Hitler and other European personalities in the same way.) It didn't spoil Barrie's nature, his essential charm and kindness, it merely came out in some of his writing. We haven't looked up Uncle Freud for the "scientific" lowdown. He's probably got some queer old and inaccurate ideas on it, as usual.

And now, dear friends — Miss Timms at the mighty organ"

Hail and Farewell

WHAT has happened to the doctor who described the General Medical Council to a Trade Union assembly at Llandudno the other day as "reactionary old fogies" is still being discussed in lowered voices in Harley Street. It's precisely as if one of Stalin's functionaries had publicly reviled him and the Ogpu together. The G.M.C. wields the combined autocratic powers of both, and there is equally no appeal. In Harley Street they conjecture this doctor has long since been whisked away by G.M.C. emissaries, formally degraded by having his tall hat smashed and his stethoscope broken in half, haled before the G.M.C. Vehmgericht for a five-minute formal trial, and given the works.

We got an extraordinary impression from our specialist last week of the reign of terror in all that expensive quarter between Cavendish Square and Marylebone where the smart medical boys live.

Correctly or otherwise, we came away with the idea that the quarter 's infested with G.M.C. spies, in disguise and that nobody's safe. The fashionable specialist, who cuts prices, for example, may find one morning that his trusted secretary, the fluffiest, daintiest, most efficient little sweetheart who ever booked an appointment wrong, has betrayed him to the Ogpu and that the dicks are on the doorstep. The humblest young ex-G.P. who has just put up his first tiny plate on a door with 57 others may find that he isn't wearing the right kind of collar, and that the professional stooge on whom he experimented yesterday with a new gouging-iron for extracting Boffin's Gland is a stool-pigeon, and has denounced him. That was our impression, and we conjectured there was nothing for the victim to do except have a big, quiet shot of morphia before stepping up to see the beaks.

We may have misunderstood our specialist, but as he spoke very grave and low, fiddling nervously with his cravat, glancing sideways, and begging us not to mention his name, it may be true.

Oasis

ONE of the pleasantest places in London on a very hot summer afternoon (we thought not so long ago, watching the dress-rehearsal of Eugene Goossens' new opera, *Don Juan de Mañara*, words by Arnold Bennett—but we 'll go into that directly) is the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, during rehearsals. The great rococo cavern is cool, dark and empty, save for an intent fringe of people scattered remotely over the back of the auditorium. The huge, bright-glowing frame of the faraway stage and its decorative crowd, wigged, costumed, grease-painted, working like billy-ho with the orchestra and very, very hot, poor darlings, enhance the pleasure of lying supine in the shade and doing absolutely nothing but let the music surge over one in a refreshing torrent. Out of doors, the honest natives of Covent Garden are hauling and humping and cursing in a tropic blaze and a thick smell of rotting oranges and old dirty cabbage. The Garden sun is beating down pitilessly also on dusty, hot policemen and boiling red taxi-drivers, furious wholsesale fruit-importers, Boulestin's flushed but efficient kitchen-staff, wealthy but sweating publishers (Dent, Peter Davies, Chapman and Hall), powerful but far-from-cool literary agents (Curtis Brown), and many other interesting Bohemian types of the Quarter. Their sufferings do but add to one's entire content.

Goossens' brilliant music is full of Seville, especially that lovely serenade in Act II. So is Aubrey Hammond's sumptuous Renaissance decor, especially the posada scene. Not so Arnold Bennett's libretto, which in cold print reads like the goings-on of a passionate group of early twentieth-century Stoke-on-Trent councillors in fancy dress; though Bennett probably knew as much about the Spanish temperament, its bravery and cruelty and devotion and sombre nobility and its passion for the pun d'onor, as any first-class tourist could pick up during a week-end in Madrid. We hold, as writing-boys, that Goossens' music to *Don Juan* deserves a much, much better libretto. When there are, to mention them at random, over a thousand plays extant by Lope de Vega, at least a dozen of which might yield an authentic Spanish Renaissance libretto, each rich with operatic scope, why go to the Five Towns for one? You can't answer it.

Up, the Whiskers!

IT was easy to get a laugh out of Augustus Lionel (or Leopold ?) Egg's picture entitled "Thou Art Not False But Thou Art Fickle," Arthur Hughes' "The Long Engagement," James Collinson's "For Sale," and other ace offerings at the Victorian Life Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, but where all these quaint Victorian artists knock our own clever Impressionist and Symbolist and Surrealist boys for a row of tin dumbbells is that they 'd all learned to draw. Ninety per cent. of the slick stuff we see about nowadays is by people who can't draw, never could draw, and have to make up for it by being so smart that it hurts. Next time you 're up against a Marcus Stone or a Frith or a bit of clean fun like "The Gambler's Wife," observe that for all the prosy moralising and whiskery sob-stuff there 's pretty sound technique in those obsolete lads.

They earned their money also. They never dashed off a few dabs and squiggles between luncheon and teatime and sold it for a hundred berries. They painted vast historical pieces, taking years over them, every bit of armour and drapery and silver and whatnot accurate. And when their fancy roved in the direction of ramming home a moral, they 'd paint a pale gentleman lying dead in one corner, pistol in hand, cards scattered all over the room (every pip true to life), a riderless horse dashing past the window, swooning ladies in rich costume strewn in odd corners, a few children and animals, and all the interior decoration painted in detail with exquisite care. The Victorian art patron knew he was getting his money's worth. Give Frith's "Paddington" or "Derby Day" half an hour's intelligent study, and the mass of hard, accurate painting in it will surprise you. Landseer took the same trouble over little girls in pink sashes stroking kind horses, or big dogs licking old ladies. What we 're trying to impress on you is the fact that Life is real, Life is earnest, and things have to be *learned*. The slapdash way you seem to go about, covering up lack of judgment, training, and knowledge by flashy bravura, makes us rather sick. We 've often intended to speak to you about it.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"He says if he can't have the pedigree of the sheep the wool came from he's going to Austin Reed's"

Anthony

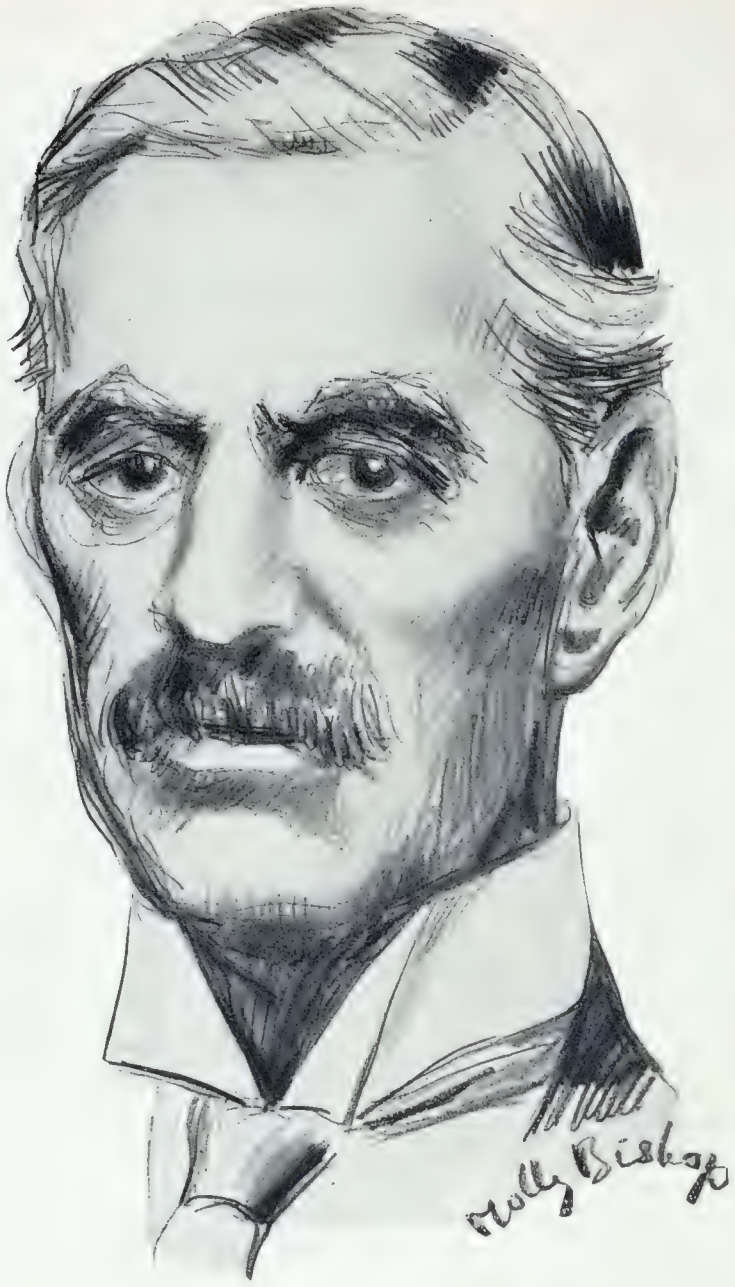
Colonel W. de Basil—Director of Ballet

Colonel de Basil, tall, a little stooping, spectacled, quiet, yet unmistakably an autocrat, founded and directs the leading ballet company of the day. For sixteen years he was a soldier and fought in two wars—the Russo-Japanese War and the Great War, his military career ending in 1920. Six years later in France he began his theatrical career, with a company called the Opera Russe de Paris which had several successful seasons there and a visit to London in 1931. The year after that he banished opera from under his wing and adopted ballet as his only child, naming his company the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo. The three wonder children, Baronova, Toumanova, and Riabouchinska, made their debut as its stars, dancing in London for the first time at the Alhambra in 1933. A change of name to Col. W. de Basil's Ballets Russes (when René Blum formed his Monte Carlo ballet), a move to Covent Garden for the London seasons, and from there the story is still being written. Col. de Basil now has a second company who have been in Australia since last autumn, has arranged a fifth American tour for his Number One Company, and is as full of plans for the future as Diaghileff ever was

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 27

Mr. Neville Chamberlain



MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is the outstanding example of the man who arrives without having dreamed of it or tried for it. Most people would say that, in order to succeed, you must first have your vision and then plan your whole life towards its accomplishment. The new Premier proves that this is complete nonsense. From the moment he left school and went to Mason College, Birmingham, he conceded the stage to his half-brother, "Austen the Magnificent" — Austen whose progress from Trinity College, Cambridge, to Westminster was as inevitable as the fall of Bilbao. For the hereditary tradition is far stronger in the House of Commons than it is in the House of Lords, and the elder son of Joe Chamberlain was positively doomed to high office, while his half-brother tacitly announced that Parliament was no place for him. Indeed, he went and lived for seven years in the Bahamas. Even on his return he did not show the slightest interest in politics, local or otherwise, and it was not until 1911 that he entered the Birmingham City Council and became chairman of its town-planning scheme. True, he became Lord Mayor in 1915 and then Director-General of National Service a year later. But this job meant little to him, and frankly he did not add much to it.

IT was not until after the war that he finally crossed the Rubicon and entered the House of Commons. Promotion is swift in the House of Commons, however, and—I repeat—the hereditary system is very powerful. So we find him Postmaster-General within five years and promoted to Chancellor of the Exchequer in the concluding days of Mr. Baldwin's first Government. And yet when Mr. Baldwin came back in 1924 he dropped him to the Ministry of Health, giving the Chancellorship to Winston Churchill. It looked as though Mr. Neville Chamberlain was going to flop after all. Instead, he made the Ministry of Health the only success of the 1924-1929 Government, refusing to take part in that five-year Front Bench siesta.

Meantime, to change the metaphor, two easy chances had been offered to "Austen the Magnificent," and he had muffed them both. It must have been after this second slip that Neville Chamberlain decided to become the wicket-keeper of the Conservative party—especially when he found that the captain was a bit of a poet. The fans said that he had no sex appeal; that he could not be unexpected like Mr. Baldwin. And yet though the rest of the team had broken their hearts in unavailing intrigues for the captaincy, it soon became evident that the man behind the political stumps was going to lead the side. And sure enough, when sixty-nine-year-old Stanley Baldwin resigned on grounds of age, sixty-eight-year-old Neville Chamberlain took command.

NONE of the practical jokes of Horace Cole, Mr. Chamberlain's brother-in-law, who dug up Piccadilly and hoaxed the Navy, was really as funny as the present situation—that the unconsidered brother of "Austen the Magnificent" should captain the side where the latter failed.

Not that cricket is the Premier's sport. Fishing is his passion. He would sooner catch a salmon than the biggest tax-evader, and his heart sinks when he puts away his rod. At least, however, he has his wife beside him. Their attachment is a complete romance, and Mr. Chamberlain is her world. In private life the Premier is a human, simple man, courteous, kindly, and utterly lacking in pomposity or self-assertion. Withal, he has a very shrewd idea of his own value to the community, however neatly he conceals it. Witness his speech at the Conservative Party meeting when he said: "I lack many of the qualities of my predecessor, but frankly I cannot find anyone who does not lack them as well." This was loudly cheered by Mr. W. S. Morrison, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Thomas Inskip, and Mr. Winston Churchill, each of whom could have supplied a name when—a few minutes before—Lord Derby had said that there was only one man who could successfully succeed Mr. Baldwin.

Yes, but Lord Derby had given them all out l.b.w., and it was left to Mr. Chamberlain to carry on.

Charles Graves

FAMOUS FORTS

These national defences have their modern counterpart in the stout walls and strongly-founded tread of the new DUNLOP Fort Tyres, built to hold the road, to protect life and limb, to safeguard comfort and to give the longest possible period of dependable service. Trust yourself and yours to the safe keeping of

DOVER CASTLE

Like the coastal fortresses of Hastings, Pevensey, Scarborough and Orford, Dover Castle was built to safeguard England from attack by sea, at just those points where invasion was most likely to be attempted.

The New **DUNLOP** **Fort**

C.F.H.

GOOD HEALTH!

Doctors advise Kia-Ora
Doctors drink Kia-Ora
Concentrated and Pure

Lemon, Orange, Grapefruit,
Lime Juice - 2/- a large bottle
Barley Lemon 1/9 a large bottle

Baron

Senator Oliver St. John Gogarty

Dr. Gogarty delights the English because he is to them a typical robust Irishman to whom the label "turbulent" can be at once tied; a man who is a unique compound of adventurer, scientist, poet and wit, a man who has been run out by Republican gangs to be shot, has seen his house burnt down by similar agency, has turned such phrases as "when peace breaks out over Ireland" or "de Valera was marching on Dublin at the head of 20,000 words," yet who presides in the operating-room "with the precision and kindness of a surgical priest." One of the last members of the Viceregal days' circle which included Yeats, Moore, Synge and Orpen, Gogarty is no admirer of de Valera. *Who's Who* gives his recreations as archery and aviation and the laconic publication goes on to describe him as "Senator, Irish Free State. Born 1878. Married 1906, two sons, one daughter. Educated Stonyhurst, Trinity College Dublin, Oxford." But to fill out this skeleton with the very good red Gogartuan flesh and blood you must read *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, Dr. Gogarty's autobiography which appeared this spring

Anthony

Uday Shan-Kar Returns to London

It is not necessary to understand one of the eight hundred symbolic gestures or mudras which make up the complicated language of Indian dancing, to draw the most profound pleasure from Uday Shan-kar's art. There is such power and beauty in his movements, such dominance in his personality, and such an atmosphere of ageless dignity and ancient civilisation about the whole work of his company of dancers and musicians that a mysterious and irresistible spell is cast over his audience. He has come back to London after an interval of three months, bringing with him the same company but some new dances and music added to the repertoire he gave at the Savoy Theatre in March. Meantime, he has toured in Europe, ending with a season at the Champs-Elysées Theatre in Paris in connection with the Exhibition. After the present two weeks' season at the Gaiety he goes back to India to organise his Dance and Music Centre at Benares where dancers will be trained, research into the traditional music and dance forms will be undertaken, and whence it is hoped a revival of interest in, and understanding of, the two arts will spread all over the country

Ideological Rivals

The Russian and German Pavilions in the Paris Exhibition of 1937

Carrying the Hammer and Sickle into the Future

The Proud Contemptuous Eagle of the Reich

They are a fine pair, these two Pavilions that stand on either side of the wide roadway to the Pont d'Iéna. Each Pavilion as it faces its rival towers ambitiously into the Paris sky. The Reich eagle, ineffably contemptuous, perches on its swastika above the austere square-columned German tower which looks at once permanent, arrogant and sober. Over the way the Russian façade, faintly reminiscent of a cathedral, carries its stupendous burden of sculpture; the young Soviet workers bear the hammer and sickle forward with an extraordinary intensity of challenge and triumph. It is in fact a queer drama of politics and architecture, into which the partisans of either protagonist can read what they will of symbolic significance

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

The Belgian Pavilion stands on the left-bank end of the Pont d'Iéna, over the road from the British Pavilion. Its simple effective design is warmed by the brick-red tiles in which it is carried out

Left: an evening impression of the fountains which are so attractive a part of the new Jardins du Trocadéro

Below: a view from the Pont d'Iéna of the Italian and Swiss Pavilions. The gleaming Italian tower, crowned with statuary, is on the left, higher than the rest of the Italian building. The Swiss Pavilion is decorated with a gay and fanciful mountain design; in front of it is moored a lake paddle-steamer

Internationalism

The Paris Exhibition S
the World's Wares Befor

Photographs by

on the Seine

ds Out
e World

Parkinson

From the terrace in front of the Nouveau Palais du Trocadéro, this is how the Exhibition looks, full of a gay, shining vitality, its roadways dotted with bee-swarms of visitors. The Nouveau Palais itself and the gardens and fountains below it, all beautifully planned, will be part of Paris when the Exhibition has departed, and the present townscape across the river to and beyond the Eiffel Tower will be gloriously increased to either side when the frame of the German and Russian towers has vanished. Below each "leg" of the Eiffel Tower can be seen the Belgian and British Pavilions; the road continuing from the much-widened Pont d'Iéna leads to other pavilions—broadcasting, the Press, publicity, and, finally, the Pavillon de la Lumière which contains Raoul Dufy's enormous fresco history of electricity and some of the most fascinating demonstration-shows of the whole Exhibition. This view and the kaleidescopic impression of a sort of new Venice, that is given by a round trip on one of the vedettes on the Seine, tell the Exposition story with fewest words and least exhaustion, but still they tell only the beginning

Welcome to Alexandra Danilova—her Swan, her Can-Can with Massine, her grey and blue grace in *Choreartium*, her Street Dancer in *Beau Danube*, her magical Firebird. Last week she danced in the revival of *Cimarosiana*, which was part of the opening night programme, and next week she dances Guinevere to Georg Zoritch's Lancelot in the new Lichine ballet, *Francesca da Rimini*

Photograph

Two Ballerinas of Colonel

Anthony

e Basil's Ballets Russes

And welcome to Irina Baronova and her exquisite poetic dancing in *Sylphides, Choreartium, Aurora's Wedding, Spectre de la Rose, Les Cent Baisers,* and the rest. This year we see her also in *Symphonie Fantastique* which Toumanova danced last year. She and her husband, " Gerry " Sevastianov, who is the secretary to the Company, have been seen often during the week or two before their own season started, watching the other ballets that have been in Lond.n

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

National Custodians

No. 4. Dr. C. Tate Regan, Director of the Natural History Museum

It is a longitudinally bisected human skull that Charles Tate Regan is holding in his hand, but his speciality is fish. Like other "national custodians," he has been many years in the museum of which he is now head, and he was "put on to fish" when he first entered the Victorian splendid schloss-château in the Cromwell Road. That was in 1901, when he was a twenty-three-year-old graduate in Natural Sciences of Queens', Cambridge (he is now an honorary Fellow). He has worked on fish ever since, and has published numerous books, reports and memoirs on piscine structure, classification, evolution and distribution. In 1917 they made Dr. Regan a F.R.S. and a member of the Freshwater Committee, in 1921 Keeper of Zoology in the Museum and in 1927 Director. He has honorary connections with scientific bodies in Denmark, France, New York, Frankfurt, la Plata, is a F.Z.S. and F.L.S. He married in 1904, has two sons and two daughters, all grown-up and all indifferent to the charms of science

A Guarantee

Seagram's "V.O."

You will find the Canadian Government Certificate of Age over the capsule of every bottle of Seagram's "V.O." Rye and Bourbon whiskey.

Distillers since 1857

DINNER AT WHITE CITY.

London's most unusual and entertaining evening—dinner at White City. Good food and service, an excellent cellar—and greyhound racing watched from the great glass-enclosed restaurant which overlooks the floodlit track! A new and exciting fashion in London's evening entertainment.

The Theatre

"Victoria Regina" (Lyric)

THE good fairies who attended Laurence Housman in his cradle were numerous and generous. They gave him the power to write for the stage imaginary conversations as truly interpretative of historical characters and events as any conversations which actually took place, and a great deal more amusing. They so clearly meant him to be the kind of dramatist who pleases the pernicketty few without offending the eupeptic many, that there was nothing for the bad fairy to do but insist that the characters and the events should always be such that the Lord Chamberlain would not allow the plays to be publicly performed. But she was persuaded to set a time-limit on her malediction, and now fortune, late as it comes to Laurence Housman's major piece, comes with both hands full.

IT is Coronation year, and *Victoria Regina* is by general consent the play of the year. The Duke and Duchess of Kent honoured the first performance at the Lyric Theatre with their presence, and before the season ends and the grouse demand attention, everyone will be expected to have a first-hand opinion of the acting. The circumstances could hardly be more propitious, but the supreme piece of luck for this long-delayed production was to find awaiting it the rare actress who, by something more than prodigies of make-up, could play the Queen. Pamela Stanley's performance is something of a curiosity. It is never less than adequate. The young actress makes a pretty figure of the young Queen who hears from Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury the news of her accession. One imagines all the same that Greville would sniff and Creevey would sneer if they were asked to compare this picture of conventional girlhood with their own lively recollections of "little Vic," the girl who showed her "not very pretty gums" when she smiled, who gobbled her food but who smiled at and gobbled life with such ingenuous gaiety that the cynical diarists were fascinated by the spectacle. It is not until the Queen's character deepens with age that Pamela Stanley's portrait reaches distinction. It seems quite possible that could the real Disraeli be asked to comment on the imaginary conversation between himself and "the Faery" at Balmoral, he would say something sharply dismissive about the sketch of himself, but own to being a good deal amused and interested by the affectionately ironic study of his Royal mistress.

Benjamin of Israel, Premier of England: Ernest Milton

IT may be that the early episodes of this dramatic biography require nothing but a romantic prettiness. In the accession scene, the Queen does little but appear, and Allan Aynesworth, expressing through Lord Conyngham the world's early doubts of the new reign, holds the stage with ease and accomplishment. Victoria's proposal of marriage to Prince Albert, her induction into the mystery of a man's morning shave, her wilfulness and her husband's tact are all opportunities for Mr. Carl Esmond, and he uses them to suggest the romantic charm, the innate shrewdness, the integrity and the pathos of the Prince Consort in a performance remarkable for the certainty of its implications. With the Queen's impulsive jealousy of one of her ladies and the light it throws on her temperament, the play passes from Carl Esmond to Pamela Stanley. It there appears that an actress who seems a little uneasy while she is trying for an effect of conventional prettiness may give an extraordinarily vivid impression of a great personality at the height of its powers, and in the golden evening of its glory. Perhaps Mr. Ernest Milton's Disraeli is too stiffly histrionic for that supple old comedian, but none of the acting is bad, and how much the evening owes to Rex Whistler's amusedly realistic settings!

A. V. C.

Sketches by Rouson

Albert of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Consort of England: Carl Esmond

Six o'clock call by Canterbury and Conyngham on the new Queen: Douglas Jefferies, Allan Aynesworth, Pamela Stanley

Films of the Day

Nazi Beau-Ideal : By George Campbell

MAYFAIR has another cinema, the new, tiny and rather delightful little Berkeley. It was originally the Lansdowne News Theatre, in Lansdowne Row, just behind Lansdowne House. A few months were enough to prove that for a news-theatre you need a large drifting population. The venture was a failure. As a home of foreign pictures the Berkeley, as it is now called, will have a much better chance, especially if it can keep up to the standard of its first attraction, *Der Herrscher*.

I don't for a minute suggest that *Der Herrscher* is everybody's dish, but those who do like it will like it very much. There is power—grandeur even—in Gerhardt Hauptmann's story of the Silesian iron-master who seeks to marry again a year after his wife's death, and incurs the implacable hostility of his grown-up family. What a gang they are—the elder son ambitious and grasping; the younger weak and selfish, though repentent at the end; one daughter married to an unscrupulous time-server; another sex-starved and hysterical, brooding over her mother's death until she is hardly sane.

THE book caused a storm of protest when it first appeared, and some may wonder why so unflattering a picture of German character should be allowed to go forth to the world now. The answer is, I think, that from the Nazi point of view, the balance swings the right way. Der Herrscher, the Boss, may be attacked by the ungrateful children whom he has protected and fed and educated. They may seek to overthrow him by proving he is mad. But authority prevails, and the wicked are punished by being deprived of their inheritance. The Boss leaves his all to the State.

In all this there is a symbolism which the Boss in a wider sphere has obviously found not displeasing. Emil Jannings, who plays the head of the family, is said to be one of Herr Hitler's special favourites. It is not difficult to see why. He is so completely the embodiment of Nazi ideals—strength, dignity, humorlessness and ruthless severity—that it is a wonder they don't open every picture with his roaring, as M.G.M. do with Leo the Lion.

IT is no good being your own producer unless you give yourself opportunities, and in *Der Herrscher* Jannings gets plenty. He is never off the screen for more than a minute or two, and scene after scene is dominated by his massive bulk and tremendous personality. The picture has many effective moments—the funeral of the first wife; the holiday with her successor amongst ruins—beautiful in themselves and (I presume) symbolical of things to come; the climax where the old man, informed that his children are seeking a judgment that he is mad, is overwhelmed by a tempest of rage in which he slashes his dead wife's picture and begins breaking up the room and the china she loved; and the last magnificently photographed walk through the roaring foundry he controls. The end, a half-hearted sop to the box-office, is not so effective.

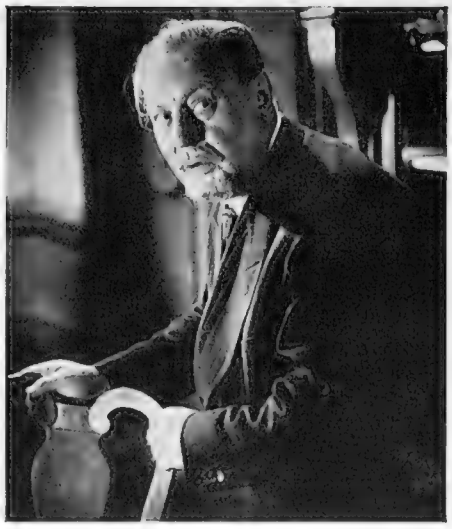
Der Herrscher, as entertainment, has undeniable faults. It is ponderous, it is humorless and it is extremely verbose. Thea von Harbou is a gifted scenario writer and versatile, but she never believes in using ten words where fifty can be made to do. But granting all this, *Der Herrscher* remains a very distinguished bit of film-craft.

WARNERS, who specialise in grim social studies—they gave us *I am a Fugitive* and *The Prisoner of Shark Island*—has now made *Black Legion*, an exposure of one of America's more dangerous rackets. More dangerous because it covers self-interest with a cloak of patriotism, as the Ku-Klux-Klan did. The scene is an automobile factory where one of the workers, Frank Taylor, expects to be made foreman. The job goes instead to Joe Dumbrowski, a studious, hard-working, foreign-born mechanic, and Taylor, like many another ambitious mediocrity, develops a grievance.

Enter the Iago of the piece, whispering, jeering, playing on his vanity and hatred of a successful rival. America belongs to the Americans, huh? And you 're an American, ain't you? And a foreigner 's stepped in and taken your job, ain't he? Well, why don't you do something about it? Why don't you join the Legion—the Black Legion?

TAYLOR joins the Black Legion; a hooded gang raid the Dumbrowskis' home, burning and presumably murdering. Anyway, we hear no more of the Dumbrowskis, and Taylor becomes foreman. But something goes wrong while he is busy recruiting for the Legion, and his job is given to a comrade. This time the foreman is not a foreigner, but he is kidnapped and flogged all the same. And so the racket goes on, while the bosses collect hundreds of thousands of dollars in subscriptions and payments for robes and revolvers. The story can have only one end, and, as in the case of *I am a Fugitive*, Warners don't try to dodge it. In an effective court room scene the mechanic recovers sufficient self-respect to throw aside the fake defence provided for him, and takes the leaders of the Legion with him to life imprisonment.

Not a very cheerful story, but interesting and dramatic, and uncommonly well acted. Humphrey Bogart, the gangster of *The Petrified Forest*, plays Taylor; Erin O'Brien-Moore, who many will remember for her brilliant performance in *Street Scene*, is quietly convincing as his wife; and Joseph Sawyer, Helen Flint and Dick Foran give strong support.



"Der Herrscher"

From Germany comes the first film to be shown at the new Berkeley Cinema—with Emil Jannings as the Biblical figure of a father whose children revolt against his second marriage and drive his young wife (Marianne Hoppe) away. It is a powerful if gloomy story, adapted from Hauptmann's novel, "Sonnentuntergang"

"Black Legion"

Humphrey Bogart is the hero and victim of "Black Legion," a screen exposure of the methods of a gang of racketeering thugs belonging to the class of semi-documentary semi-fictional American films lately analysed in the "Times." Erin O'Brien-Moore plays opposite Bogart, and Archie L. Mayo directed

Five Attractive Debutantes

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Jane Lane

. the only daughter of Sq.-Leader and Mrs. . C. Lane, and a grand-daughter of the late dmiral Sir Adolphus FitzGeorge; she was sented at Court last week by Lady Hamlen. Her father and Mrs. Hornsby gave ance for her and Dheirdre Hornsby in May

Yevonde

Miss Frederica Montagu

Frederica Montagu is the only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. G. F. Weld-Blundell, of Ince Blundell Hall, Lancashire. Her mother gave a dance for her at 29, Chesham Place in April. Her mother was Miss Weld-Blundell, and her father assumed that name (he was Capt. G. F. Montagu) in 1923

Below: Sybil Gardner is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gardner; she has been staying with Mrs. Albany Fetherstonhaugh for the season and shared the dance given for Bridget Fetherstonhaugh and Anne Watson-Hughes (now Mrs. Anthony Norman) in June. Her mother is American and they live mostly in America or on the Continent

Bassano

The Hon. Patricia French

Patricia French is the eldest of the four sisters of ten-year-old Lord De Freyne and has been chaperoned this season by her mother, Lady De Freyne. The late Lord De Freyne died two years ago. The family place is French Park, Co. Roscommon

Left: Diana Wilkinson is the only daughter of Sir Russell and Lady Wilkinson, of 82, Portland Place, W.1. Her father has been Physician to Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught since 1918, and went to South Africa with them. Princess Arthur of Connaught is Diana Wilkinson's godmother

Bassano

Miss Diana Wilkinson

Miss Sybil Gardner

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Painter into Author : By Alan Thomas

Those who are familiar with Mr. David Jones' work as a painter and draughtsman will perhaps know what to expect when they hear that he has written a book. It is a war book, or rather, as the publishers suggest, "a distillation of the essence of war books." Its title is *In Parenthesis* (Faber and Faber; 10s. 6d.), because, among other reasons, "our curious type of existence here is altogether in parenthesis." The book, Mr. Jones tells us, "has to do with some things I saw, felt and was part of" during the period when he was in France—that is, from December 1915 to July 1916. His companions were mostly Londoners with an admixture of Welshmen, "so that the mind and folk-lore of those two differing racial groups are an essential ingredient to my theme." The writing is allusive, often difficult to follow (even with the aid of the notes at the end of the book), graphic, impressionist, and of a style reminiscent if not of Mr. Ezra Pound, at all events of Mr. T. S. Eliot. The whole is infused "with a consciousness of the past, the very remote and the more immediate and trival past, both superficially and more subtly."

Having said that much by way of introduction, I must leave you and Mr. David Jones, author, to get to know each other. For my own part I have tried to come to grips with this strange volume. Is it, I have asked myself, the book which more than any other will convey to future generations what the War meant to our generation in terms of human suffering and sacrifice? So far as the ordinary reader is concerned I am sure that the answer is No. For the writing is such that it will appeal only to those few who are gifted with a poet's—or should I say, a modern poet's—vision. To those and to any others who appreciate this book, I can only say of great literature what Michael Drayton (quoted by Mr. Jones) says of Wales: "If I have not done her right, the want is in my ability, not in my love."

An employé who wishes to give notice and instead of doing so in the usual way signifies his intention by throwing a cup of tea in the manager's face, is a man to be watched. Who knows what he will do next? Who knew, for example, that when a young man named David Chale shook from off his feet the scattered tea-leaves of a shipping office, within his heart there smouldered a sacred fire? At the prospect of going to Sarawak the flames began to stir. And when in the fulness of time he decided to become a Muslim, the fire shot up in a blaze of spiritual glory. The story of this young man (whose real name is not disclosed) is told by Owen Rutter in *Triumphant Pilgrimage* (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). Chale's dream is not unambitious. It is "to breathe new life into Islam, to restore the ancient faith to its pristine simplicity and to unite its sects into a single body that would be a great power for peace in the modern world." In order to prepare himself for this high adventure Chale suffered conversion, married a Malayan girl, and with her undertook the pilgrimage to Mecca. The book is mainly a description of that pilgrimage, to formalities that had to be complied with, and the almost interminable delays to which a European convert is subject. However, with the help of the Emir Feisal and King Ibn Saud, the journey was accomplished.

The writing is straightforward, in places a trifle on the slangy side. The account of the sacred pilgrimage is of quite unusual interest. Of greater interest still will, I trust, be Mr. Chale's next move. He has dreamed a dream. He has prepared himself for its fulfilment. And now what?

As the snow melts on the mountains and the waters sweep down, high and calm between the green banks of summer, so also can the human character be unfrozen from the image which others have created for it and emerge into a livelier, newer, fuller consciousness. This, broadly speaking, is the theme which Mr. Max White has chosen for his first novel, *Anna Becker* (Secker; 7s. 6d.). Anna is a good, respectable girl who keeps a tea-shop in Oldboro, New Hampshire. The little town boasts a university of sorts and also a marble quarry. All is well till one, Steve Larsen, appears on the scene. At the tea-shop he proves a rough customer. He rapes Anna and thereafter favours her with nightly visits. She, terrified for her reputation, can do nothing but accept his attentions. Dark deeds, however, cannot be kept dark, and in time the story gets about. Anna's friends snub her, and her business declines. Yet at the end of it all, when Larsen is sentenced for killing another woman, Anna is not broken: and as she is preparing to start a new life with the man whom, but for Larsen, she would long ago have married, she can write to Larsen thanking him for "the abundance and movement" that he has brought into her life.

There are some rather obvious improbabilities about this story: yet as Mr. White handles them they do not obtrude. The writing throughout is simple and sincere. A promising first novel.

"Have you a copy of Boswell's Life of Al Jolson?"

The moral of Robert Eton's (that is to say Laurence Meynell's) latest novel entitled, *Not in Our Stars* (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.) is that whatever new Eden you may seek, you will find there the same old Adam. In an effort to escape the impending war a group of eight people (not six, as the wrapper informs us) seek refuge on an island a hundred and twenty miles off Scotland. The idea is to found a new order of society based on the principle of having all things in common. The only inhabitant of the island who does not subscribe to this doctrine is the factotum Angus who gets landed with most of the jobs, and who being possessed of a store of books and the faculty of waving ladies' hair, dispenses these desirable commodities in exchange for a modest fee. The arrival on the island of a young society beauty named Lady Letty Masters (referred to somewhat cryptically on the wrapper as Lady Watson) further adds to life's problems. And the conclusion of the matter is that "the only really insuperable bar to saving Humanity is human nature."

There is a substratum of seriousness underlying the comedy. But the story, as Mr. Eton tells it, though not without its flashes of wit, is also not without longueurs.

The Bystander,
July 7, 1937—29

Frank Parker fell to his compatriot Budge in their semi-final after beating Brugnon, Prenn and Henkel — in his first visit to Wimbledon

Donald Budge: *the young Californian giant who is Wimbledon's new champion crashed through his side of the draw to beat von Cramm in three sets*

"Bunny" Austin *was Britain's last hope and his 26-game set is a Wimbledon memory, but von Cramm repeated last year's result*

Gottfried von Cramm: *magnificently trained, deserved more than a third consecutive year as runner-up, but Budge was too powerful for him*

The Four Great Men of Wimbledon's Singles

The Champion, the Runner-Up and the Semi-Finalists

The Only Foreign Challengers for the Grand

The Wiking Rudergesellschaft's eight were the dark horses this year (they dressed all in brown). Champions of Germany, with four of the men who beat Laurie's Olympic Leander crew, they averaged 12 st. 4 lb. and were regarded by most experts as Fairbairn devotees, so their final with Jesus was looked on by the orthodox as a battle between bucketeers. One Wiking is photographing the rest in this picture (so were we)

Pink, orthodox, heavy, with four, five, six an seven out of this year's Oxford boat and Wins at stroke, the Leander crew were as usual n well enough used to each other, and paid for

Henley Royal Regatta

The First of the New Reign Draws a Large If Undistinguished Entry

Photographs by Hutten

The Oarsman's Vista

Boathouses, bicycles, oars and zephyred figures, and a little bit of river, that is the oarsman's vista. The crew collecting its (fixed-pin) oars are Bryanston, who beat Westminster in their first race but lost to Shrewsbury in their second

The General and Some Gin

Jesse James, known as The General by several generations of rowing men, has officiated at the start for forty-four years (in five reigns) and did so this year

Defenders of the Thames Cup

Tabor Academy were over again to defend their last year's win from the strong challenge of a number of tideway and town clubs, all bolder and most much heavier. The names are: G. H. Hart, E. K. Sanders, H. O. Palmer, E. C. Clark, M. C. Hill, W. C. Billings, W. B. Cornwall, C. Ferguson (stroke) and F. H. Butts (cox)

Scoring a Bump in a Punt

F. H. Butts, the eight-stone cox of Tabor's Thames crew, had the loudest voice on the river. Or perhaps one ought to say, made the most noise, playing penetratingly on his vocal chords to produce a sound like a sea-lion

Poplar trees, punts, the flowers in Phyllis Court and a long straight stretch of river, that is the spectator's vista. It is a view from the competitors' enclosure with its varied selection of hat-bands and blazers

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

By the time you read this the Open Golf Championship at Carnoustie will be well on the way; and it may be that we shall have been able to make up our minds about that mysterious entrant from America, Johnny Montague.

So mysterious is Montague—known as the "Man Mountain" of the links—that I very much doubt whether he will ever appear at all. But beyond question he has entered, and the Montague legend is worth examining.

He comes from California and plays much of his golf on the Lakeside course right among the Hollywood film studios, which is perhaps a warning to the credulous. He looks like Lawson Little, is reputed to be phenomenally strong, and an American sports writer said of him: "Montague would slay Bobby Jones—he's a money player, and there's ice water in his veins."

There are all manner of tales told about him: how, for instance, at the Fox Hills Country Club, he pointed out a row of birds on a telephone-line 175 yards away and said: "Watch me pick off the one farthest to the right." And taking a brassie, and hitting a full shot, the bird fell with its head snapped off as cleanly as if it had been guillotined.

Then there was his match with Bing Crosby, the crooner. Crosby is a reasonably good player—he has been champion of the Lakeside Club. Montague offered to play Crosby for twenty dollars a hole—Montague, it is said, using only a baseball bat, a shovel and a rake against Crosby's full armoury of ordinary clubs.

Montague won easily. At the tenth hole, for example: he hit the ball into a bunker about three hundred yards away with the baseball bat, heaved it out of the sand with his shovel and on to the green, and sank the putt for a birdie three, using the rake like a billiard-cue. A ridiculous story, but it seems to be well attested, and there is no doubt at all that this Montague is a great character and a joy to the gullible. What we do want to know is whether he can play golf.

Now for an apology. A reader writes with just indignation to point out that in the caption to a photograph published in these columns recently we showed N. S. Harrison, of the Haileybury eleven, who scored two centuries "when Haileybury beat Uppingham." This was an error of which, as an old Haileyburian myself, I might be thought guilty. But I refute the charge and redress the balance by saying that in point of fact Uppingham scored over 400 runs in their first innings, proceeded to make Haileybury follow on, and were only robbed of victory by Harrison's admirable second century.

I can remember that in my day at Haileybury we always used to regard Uppingham as particularly formidable opponents; but then, we had good reason, for A. P. F. Chapman was captain of the Uppingham eleven. And I still remember my surprise when, fielding somewhat injudiciously at silly point to him, he hit

(Concluded on page xii)

While the Canford First Team Was at Olympia . . .

. . . The school's second horse-riding team gave a jumping display on Speech Day, when Lady Pembroke presented the prizes, and the headmaster, the Rev. C. B. Canning, referred to the success of the Olympia visit. The Canford team at the Horse Show gave remarkable daily displays of hippobatics

Eton Captain

John Mann, second son of F. T. Mann of Middlesex, leads the Eton eleven at Lord's

Harrow Captain

And Michael Watson is his Harrow opposite in next Friday's and Saturday's match

Oxford Captain

Sandy Singleton (Shrewsbury and Brasenose) captains the Dark Blues in the match that ends to-day

Cambridge Captain

Mark Tindall, a Harrovian from St. Catharine's College, captains the Light Blues at Lord's

The Finalists in the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon

Miss Dorothy Round of Great Britain and Mlle. J. Jedrzejowska of Poland met on Saturday in the Wimbledon finals. Dorothy Round had been runner-up in 1933 and champion in 1934, but it was the first time that either the Polish player or her country had appeared in the final round. This hard-hitting pair had beaten their semi-finalist opponents in two sets each; neither Mme. Mathieu's shrewd steadiness nor Miss Alice Marble's brilliance availed them against the unshakeable attracting force of Miss Round and Mlle. Jedrzejowska that afternoon

Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley

Lord and Lady Wharncliffe's second daughter was with them at Sandwich when Lord Wharncliffe played in the White's Club Golf Tournament

Women in Sport

Tennis and Swimming and Golf

The Social Swim

Golf "Widows"

The beauty chorus above belongs to the American Ryder Cup team, or at least to four of its members. Mrs. Densmore Shute, Mrs. H. G. Picard, Mrs. J. Revolta and Mrs. Tony Manero came over to England to watch their husbands win at Southport

Left: There were five competitors for the Ladies' Championship of the Bath Club for swimming, life-saving and diving—Miss Mary Henniker Heaton, who was fourth; Miss Ivona Davies, second; Miss Venetia Fripp, the holder, who won again; Lady Diana Finch-Hatton, third; and Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, fifth. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, who swim regularly at the Bath Club, watched the whole programme and presented the prizes

All Over the Place

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

FOR the first time since 1921 I was obliged to omit seeing the Scottish Championship, a very sore miss which went much against the grain. It was maddening to read of the shocks and thrills going on over the King's Course at Gleneagles Hotel; to think of the dinner one night—what a dinner it would be with a Scottie Open Champion; of the glorious weather all the week; of the new young players coming on so well. However, there it was, and a very kind correspondent has filled in the gaps.

Troon I., you know, won the Quaich, and Miss Jessie Anderson had a 74. That seemed startling enough, done with card and pencil. Then in the individual score competition, Mrs. Holm handed in 71. Heavens above; we shall soon be in the sixties at this rate. Then Mrs. Holm went on to make hay of the tradition that it is unlucky to win that score competition, by walking off with the Championship, for the third time in seven years, and apparently had some extraordinarily brilliant golf to do it. The last twenty-nine holes of the Championship she took in one under fours; the first seven of the semi-final in nine over fours!

That she survived such a start against Miss Helen Nimmo shows the stuff of which Mrs. Holm is made. Hear what my correspondent says about it: "Miss Nimmo had been three up, through Mrs. Holm getting bunker trouble, and she went on holding on solidly. Anyhow, they came down to the last green with rakers of drives right over the ridge, both on in two, and the news came 'all square.' Great thrills. Both 15 yards or so from the hole; both took two to get down. Grand! Off to nineteenth, Mrs. Holm getting a beauty right away up and Miss Nimmo pulled into left-hand bunker. So, alas! But no! A huge thrill. Out and up with a nice pitch not dead by a long way and Mrs. Holm had played a very good pitch and lay about six yards off, too, when the most beautiful putt of Helen Nimmo popped in." The twentieth hole was an anti-climax, ending tamely in a bunker.

The final showed what can be done by the pitch and one putt habit at its best. Mrs. Bowhill was evidently outdriven by anything up to forty yards, but ran down the putts all over the place, turned square, both out in 38, and only lost by 3 and 2. It was the short game which had taken Mrs. Bowhill through 2 up against Mrs. Greenlees, beautiful on the part of the winner, one or two short ones astray on the loser's just when it seemed as if she were really going to get her deserts in winning the Scottish at last.

Golf for a Gold Cup

"Fairway and Hazard's" gold cup was won and the course record at West Hill broken by Mrs. Noel Layton's score of 68+33=101. She is taking the trophy from Harold Peaty, the local captain

SO much for the winners. The holder, Miss Doris Park, went out to Miss K. Clark in the first round, just as Miss Jessie Anderson did to Mrs. Bowhill, and Miss Purvis - Russell - Montgomery to Mrs. Bowhill's sister, Miss Robertson Durham. Mrs. J. B. Watson, was one of Mrs. Greenlees' victims. I gather we shall hear more of the three Urie sisters from Turnberry, and it is good to remember that they, like Miss Jessie Anderson, first acquired a liking for championships in the Girls' at Stoke Poges. As my correspondent writes: "A very happy Championship once again, everything went so beautifully. And it was good to see the numbers of young girls showing wonderful form."

DOWN South there has been any amount of good golf going on, the only pity the inevitable clashing of dates. Camberley Heath's inter-club scratch mixed foursomes and Fairway and Hazard's Gold Cup at West Hill, no doubt, took away players from each other, though nothing could spoil the enjoyment of those who went to—and especially won at—either meeting. The men by no means have things their own way in that gold cup, and it was a woman who won again this year, Mrs. Noel Layton, who could go back and crow over a husband who has never included a gold one amongst all his many trophies. It was great going on her part, 82—14=68 in the morning, and 40—7=33 added to it after lunch, making a record total of 101, three less than has ever been on the cup by man or woman previously. Miss Raworth took the scratch aggregate after a tie, Mrs. Heppel and Mrs. Zair, Miss Garnham and Mrs. Roscow also went home with spoils, and recollections of a delightful day.

At Camberley Heath, there was never very much doubt that the Club's own "A" pair would win: Miss Molly Gourlay and Mr. Bill Stevenson were only two over 4s or something inhuman-like that for the whole week, and Miss Jean Hamilton and Mr. Harper could not recover from a flying start against them in the final.

ALL the county finalists have now been arrived at: Norfolk, Somerset and Surrey having added themselves to Yorkshire. Surrey behaved with customary cruelty at Swinley Forest, beating Middlesex and Buckinghamshire without the loss of a single game. But Bucks could find consolation in the narrowness of four of their five losses to Middlesex, and the lobsters and strawberries made up for much. I have never seen such keenness over lunch, but Swinley fairly makes one greedy. And what a truly delightful course it is too.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME

Golf for Charity

It was the second golf tournament organised by the Countess of Brecknock in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, was held at Moor Park, and had Robert Sweeny as an entrant. In the picture are the three regular socialite-golfers, Miss Pamela Schreiber, Lady Brecknock herself and Mrs. Ririd Myddelton

Golf for the Irish Championship

Mrs. H. V. Glendinning (Royal Portrush) is about to drink a health from the Ladies' Championship Cup of Ireland; she won it at the 37th hole of her home course from Mrs. E. L. Kidd (Milltown), who is still holding on to the trophy that she held for last year

I.16a.

the crucial moment—
and
your fly succumbs
to the
irresistible attractions
of
a tree ! . . .

ever noticed
how
a cigarette
helps
you
to survive
that
maddening moment . . .

whilst
you tie on
another fly
for that fish
which is,
very obligingly,
still rising ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Prospects of the Open

WHEN this issue of the BYSTANDER appears the qualifying rounds of the Open Championship will have been played over the Medal Course and Burnside Course at Carnoustie, and play in the championship proper will be about to start on the Medal Course.

At the time I am writing I have never played on or seen the courses at Carnoustie, and they are the only courses in the British Isles on which championships are played which I do not know reasonably well. I have been informed by one man that the Medal Course at Carnoustie is the best course on which championships are played, and by another that it is the worst and not good enough for the supreme test of the game which the Open Championship is supposed to provide. So I shall go there with an open mind and shall not be prejudiced one way or the other.

I FIND that golf courses, like plays, please or disappoint according to whether one has heard them under- or over-praised. The first time I played on the course of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club at Hoylake—which in those days was a links—I was very disappointed. I had heard much about its magnificence and imagined that it was situated on open sand-dune country along the seashore with fine views over the sea. When I found that the course was surrounded by houses and mud flats and that with the naked eye the sea could seldom be seen, I was immediately prejudiced, and it took several rounds before I could make myself admit that it really was a very fine course.

Whenever I play at Hoylake now I think the course is even better than it was on my last visit. This is true about all the great golf courses. In nearly every case after one's first round one is not at all impressed, but the more one plays on it the more one realises how good it is and how stupid one was to try to form an opinion of it after a few holes.

THIS year 258 players have entered for the Open compared with 286 last year, including fourteen Americans, plus the United States Ryder Cup team; six players have entered from France, and one from Egypt. The amateur champion, as he did in the Amateur, has entered from a Scottish club—namely, the Royal and Ancient.

When last the Open was played at Carnoustie, in 1931, there were only 214 entrants, and T. D. Armour won with rounds of 73, 75, 77, and 71. With one round to play, there were about a dozen players with really good chances of winning, including two from the Argentine, J. Jurado and M. Churio; finally, there was not a single player who had entered from a club in Great Britain in the first six places. Percy Alliss, who was third, two shots behind the winner, at that time was professional to the Berlin-Wannsee Golf and Country Club.

THE most dangerous challenge, as usual, comes from America, but fortunately many of the United States Ryder Cup team have not played over here before, which puts them at a tremendous disadvantage—a disadvantage which I believe has only once been overcome—namely, when Densmore Shute won at St. Andrews in 1933.

It is by no means outside the bounds of possibility that the Open Championship Cup will go to France. A few years ago I thought that Aubrey Boomer and Auguste Boyer might win an Open, but I feel that they have now missed their chances. There is, however, another man from France who must have a very great chance—namely, Marcel Dallemagne, professional to the St. Germain Golf Club. Dallemagne has lately won the French Open Championship for the second year in succession with a ridiculously low score; last year he beat Cotton, who was playing really well at the time, fair and square after a tie in the French Open, and finished third in the Open at Hoylake only two shots behind the winner. There are few, perhaps none, who can get further in two shots than Dallemagne, and length on the long Medal Course at Carnoustie is certain to be a tremendous asset.

Abe Mitchell and Miss Joan Ryder

Joan Ryder is the daughter of the late Samuel Ryder, who gave the Cup; Abe Mitchell was Mr. Ryder's private professional—he and his wife were among Miss Ryder's guests for the match

Rees Chaired and Cheered

Donald Rees, the young Welsh assistant from Surbiton, was the hero of both days. In the foursomes, playing with Charlie Whitcombe, he holed a five-footer at the 18th to halve with Sarazen and Shute; in the singles he was one of only two British to beat their men—Byron Nelson, by 3 and 1

No Change

America retained the Ryder Cup despite all the bright auguries to the contrary before the match at Southport, which we lost by four points—first American win on British soil. Walter Hagen, non-playing captain of the U.S. team, took the trophy from Lord Warrington

It is against Dallemagne's chances that a man who just misses victory one year for some unknown reason seldom does well the next; an exception to this is, of course, Padgham, who knocked at the door year after year before finally winning.

Thirteen ex-champions have entered, but of these Jack White, George Duncan, James Braid, Sandy Herd, Arthur Havers, and Ted Ray can hardly expect to win another Open; on the other hand, all the other seven have very good chances of victory. It would not surprise me in the least to see Walter Hagen win once more; he is playing extremely well and is very fit. We all know that he has the heart to win as well as the golf.

I HAVE just heard that the greens on the course of the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club were copiously watered for the Ryder Cup match. I do hope that the committee at Carnoustie will not allow the greens there to be watered to such an extent that they become so soft that the ball makes a mark when it pitches. If greens are over-watered, play for the first-class players becomes ridiculously easy: they can, without courting danger, pitch boldly to the hole and then have a go for the back of the hole without the slightest risk of running out of holing.

This is the Gin

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon,

Gordon's Special Dry

WHICH IS BLENDED WITH THE JUICES OF THE FINEST ORANGES AND LEMONS

to make

the Perfect Pair

Purity and perfect ingredients! The juices of the finest oranges and lemons blended with the finest and purest of gins, to produce Gordon's Orange Gin and Gordon's Lemon Gin!

Energising and exhilarating as an appetiser or cocktail, refreshing and invigorating as a long drink with tonic water, ginger ale, etc.

Health giving—not only because of the vitamins contained in the fruit juices—but because they are made with Gordon's—the genuine gin.

Gordon's

ORANGE GIN · LEMON GIN

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., Ltd., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

British Air Speeds and Performances

By Charles Ward

Charles E. Brown

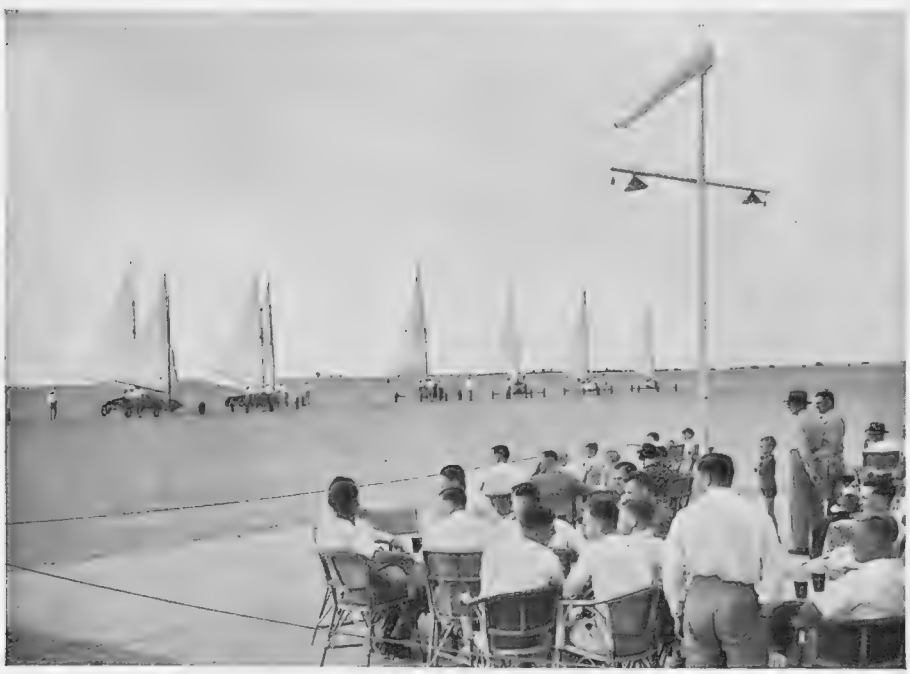
With the Royal Air Force at work: the Fairey light bomber, whose Rolls-Royce engine appears to give it a speed approaching 5 miles a minute. It was flown before the King at the Hendon Display

After Hendon—Hatfield

IT has become the custom for the aircraft industry to display its wares to a discriminating audience at the beginning of the week following the R.A.F. display. New and experimental aircraft are available near London, and the Air Ministry is more than willing for manufacturers to secure orders from foreign parts, always provided that these do not conflict with home demands or with the requirements of secrecy. The exhibition of our skill in design and our performance in the air to potential enemies is not as fantastic as it may appear on the surface. By making foreign countries aware of our superiority in some particular line, we command their respect, though at the same time we may stimulate them to further efforts in the race to surpass us. Taking a detached view of the proceedings at Hatfield, where the S.B.A.C. show is now held, it is a good thing, both for the industry and the country. Every sane person hopes that flying will eventually become an instrument of peace and goodwill, There is need for an aerial police force and customs patrol, but the main use for aircraft will be for the transport of passengers, mails, and urgent goods. Our lead in design cannot be appreciated properly without reference to that of other countries, but from comments and from known results obtained abroad, it is evident that our quality is, at the moment, unsurpassed.

The Leading Types

THERE was so much to see at Hatfield, and so little time in which to absorb all the information, that outstanding performances only are those which remain in the mind. The official ban on low stunting robbed individual displays of their spectacular qualities, although there was some compensation in the series of high-speed flights at low altitudes. In the air, it is impossible to appreciate speed unless the pilot indulges in a spot of hedge-hopping and, similarly, a comparison for the spectator requires a flight just above ground level to produce the same result. Even the "Empire" boat indulged in a low "attack," and was impressive by reason of its size, as well as its clean lines. The "Albatross" was well received, and there was much sympathy for de Havillands that official regulations prevented it being flown before the King at the Display at Hendon. It has the appearance of a winner, and its Atlantic journey is causing as much interest in America as it is over here. The Miles trio from Reading—the Whitney Straight, the Magister, and the Kestrel Trainer—were flown to the best advantage amongst civil types. The introduction of a Rolls-Royce engine for tuition is significant. Its speed all out must be as near 300 miles an hour as matters to any pupil. What of the military types that follow?



Charles E. Brown

With the R.A.F. at play: in the desert at Abu Sueir, Egypt, N.C.O.'s and airmen have formed the Ad Astra Yacht Club; officers may enjoy the sport of sailing on sand as guests

For Patrol and Offence

IN the patrol class, the Westland "Lysander" appealed because of its beautiful lines, and the ease with which it was handled. It seems a long way from the B.E.2.C., the R.E.8; the Bristol Fighter and Westlands' own "Wapiti," but it is the logical successor to all of these. "Art Obs" will still be practised in some minor war, even though it may be of little value in any major conflict which we hope will not occur. The "Gloster" monoplane fighter convinced the audience of its speed and manœuvrability, in spite of a lack of noise, but the star turn in this category was undoubtedly the Vickers "Venom," a small, low-wing monoplane with square wing-tips. The Hawker "Hart" with a Bristol sleeve-valve engine, made the most remarkable climb of the day. In the offensive class, the bombers were evenly matched. Bristol's "Blenheim" scored a hit low down that was denied to it at Hendon; whilst Fairey's P.4 was made to perform by Staniland as if it were a scout. Handley Page was well served by his pilots' demonstration of slow flying and high-speed work side by side. An aircraft that can get along at 200 miles an hour when pushed for time, yet can idle at 70, under perfect control, shows design skill of the highest order, especially when one considers that it is a bomber, and not a freak produced for the show. The Hafner Gyroplane, as a future possibility for staff observation from a battleship or the trenches, was flown at the end of the day.

This England . . .

Dittisham-on-the-Dart, S. Devon

TO lie upon that thin grass that grows only beneath trees ; to hear but the fat chuckle of water and the "over-wind" like distant breakers ; to see no movement but the cloud galleons across a blue gap ; this is peace—in England. No enervating peace, mark you. Even the placid Dart has borne some queer fish, from the first Saxon invader to the merchants from hereabouts who carried on the Bordeaux trade (and not a little piracy beside) when Agincourt was news. This England does not breed them soft, as food and drink reveal. Who but a virile race would find, mature, and maintain so grand a beer as Worthington, that true old English ale.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

"Bystander" Short Story No. 94

Smear of Wax

By B. L. Jacot

Illustration by Batt

"I'VE been reading about those two birds," said Detective-Inspector Burley. "They've had plenty of notice in the papers since they got back from somewhere, exploring or something. We take a taxi on these jobs. It's chargeable. Come on."

With his companion, the Hon. Reginald Chalmers, fresh from Cambridge and the Police College, at his heels, he lumbered into a taxi on the Embankment and gave the address of a Park Lane hotel. "You have to get a grip on these routine jobs," he explained. "Nine-tenths of your work. Now one of these old birds has to die suddenly. I'm trying to remember where they came from."

"Brazil, Inspector," the young man reminded. "They've been out there four years, making this film and exploring. They were lost in the jungle."

"Always read the newspapers. They know everything. Well, we'll have a routine look over this flat of theirs. Police surgeon's there. Maybe he'll tell us something."

The body of the explorer was still on a bed at the flat when they arrived. The police surgeon had just finished examining it. "So what?" enquired Inspector Burley. "The hangover of some tropical disease? He looks tough enough to me."

The surgeon was packing his bag. "He was healthy enough," he said dryly. "But I imagine his friend, Major Coulthorpe, is right. He's seen more cases of arrow poisoning than I have." He pointed to a scratch on the left forearm. "Looks like curari poisoning. The stuff the natives dip their arrows in."

"Strepanthos?" The inspector was stroking his chin. "That's what you medical men call it, isn't it?"

"Yes. Paralyses the limbs, leaving the senses alert. Then it stops the heart. I'll confirm it officially when I've had him on the slab. Good morning!"

"Better see this Major fellow," the inspector decided. "He seems to have diagnosed the business for us. Come on."

The explorer was standing by the windows, a tall, craggy man with deep-set eyes behind bushy brows, the colour of his skin mahogany. He seemed upset by the sudden death of his companion.

"Been reading a lot about you, Major," the inspector told him. "Too bad this had to happen after all you two had been through."

"I found him this morning dead in bed. Just over an hour ago. I telephoned to the management at once for a doctor, but I knew the signs too well."

"Signs of what?"

"Arrow poisoning."

The inspector nodded. "Go on, Major."

"There was a bundle of arrows on the table beside the bed, so I looked for a scratch. And found it—where I showed the doctor. He must have scratched himself last night and not noticed it. And when he felt the paralysis coming on——"

"He wanted to shout and call you in to help, and couldn't make a sound, or move? Don't distress yourself, Major. I'm sorry I have to ask these questions, right on top of the shock of your discovery. You were sleeping in the next room?"

"Yes. I never heard anything."

"You wouldn't. This stuff acts suddenly, doesn't it?"

"It will drop an animal in its tracks as if you had stunned it with a club. That's the paralysis. They take time to die."

"Did the police surgeon take the arrows?"

"He took one to analyse the poison. There are four of them on the table by the bed."

"Better get them," the inspector nodded to Chalmers. "Take care how you handle them. Pick 'em up in this." He gave him a large silk handkerchief. When the cadet returned with the arrows the inspector examined them closely under the windows. The size of pencils, they were delicately feathered and tipped with what looked like bone. "They blow them out of long tubes, don't they?" he asked.

The explorer nodded. "I ought to explain that Brash and I were about to start on a lecture tour with our film. All these arrows and relics——"

"Part of the properties?" the detective agreed. "Well, I'll be wishing you good-day."

Outside in Park Lane the inspector scratched his chin. "Well? What do you make of all that?" he enquired.

"I expect they get careless handling things like those arrows," Chalmers offered.

"You can make a lot of money out of these films. And if there's only one left, stands to sense he makes double."

"You don't mean——"

"Lord bless you, no! But you have to think all round routine jobs like these. You'd put it down as accidental death, wouldn't you?"

"I don't see what else it could be."

"Nor do I." The inspector was running his thumbnail gingerly up the stem of one of the arrows. "They wax 'em, see? Makes the tube air-tight, I expect." He hailed a taxi. "I'm going back to the Yard. This taxi is chargeable. You'll have to take a bus or walk. Only one out and one back are chargeable on jobs like this."

"I'm not coming with you, then, inspector?"

"I've just thought of something. You're going back to ask the Major how he got hold of these arrows. Look at them in the heat of my hand!" He showed the other a waxy smear on the white silk of the handkerchief.

Chalmers eyed him for a moment uncertainly. "I just have to ask Major Coulthorpe how he got possession of the arrows? From the natives, or what?"

The inspector waved a podgy hand as the taxi drew away.

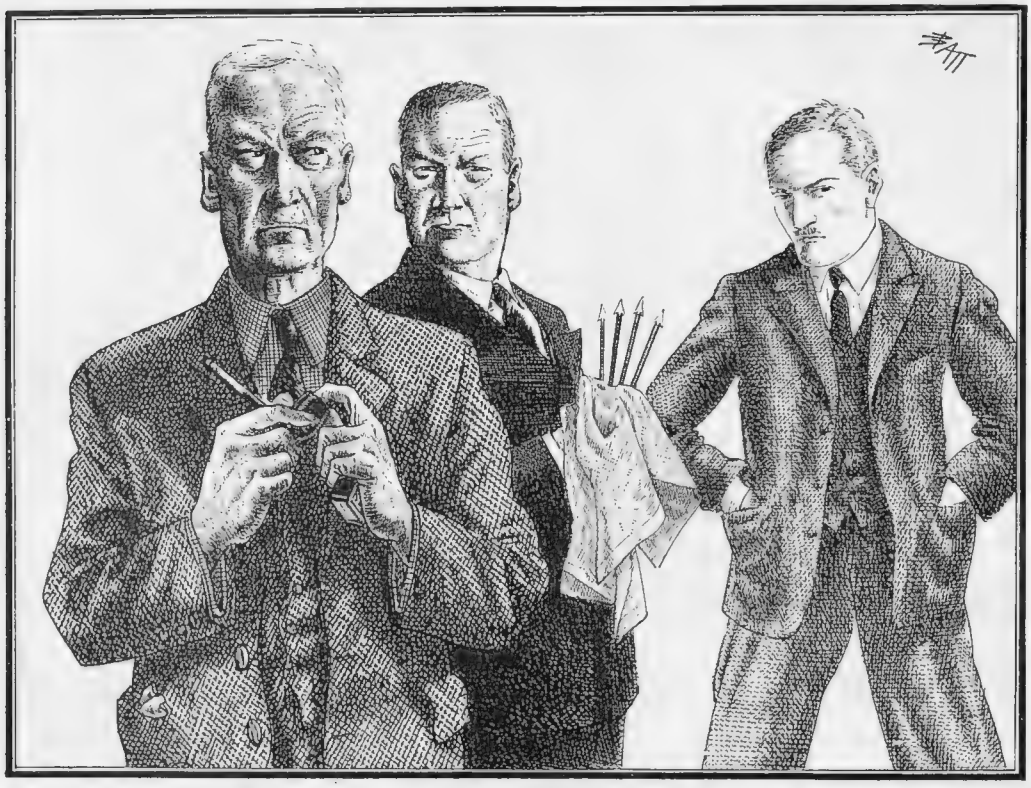
The explorer was at his desk. "I'm sorry to bother you again, Major," Chalmers apologised. "The inspector wanted some additional information for the records and sent me back when he remembered it."

"That's all right, young feller," the older man growled. "What can I do for you?"

"Where did those arrows come from?"

"They're native arrows. From Brazil."

(*Concluded on page* xiv)



Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

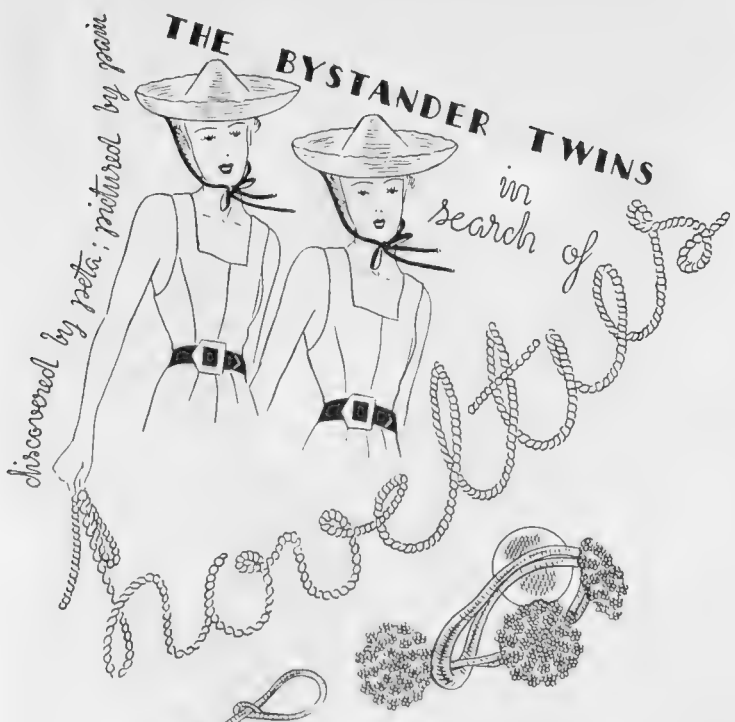
To float on the "briny" or bask amid hot sands is a wonderful tonic after a gay season, and soon every plage will be alive with a medley of gay colours. "Slacks" are very becoming to a slender figure, and Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are showing those worn by the model standing above. They are knitted with a close rib, creased, and darted at the waist, while the white brassière top is in silk and wool embroidered with coloured flowers. The seated figure is wearing a graceful coat in Paisley linen with a fitted waist and flared skirt. It costs 49s. 6d. and could also be worn as a dressing-gown. There are delightful dressmaker suits for the sea in printed Challis, as well as play suits and "swimmers." The latter are being greatly reduced during the sale, which is now progressing

Summer Silhouette

Several washing frocks are absolutely essential to a summer wardrobe, as nothing looks cooler on a warm day. The Deval washing silk dress on the left is simple and becoming. It is cut with a gored skirt and turn-back collar, which ties into a cravat. The spots and belt in this case are red, though it is also made in other colours. Deval frocks and suits are known all the world over for their excellent cut and lasting qualities. They never fade or shrink, and are sold practically everywhere. In case of difficulty, however, enquiries should be directed to Goodman and Jones, 42, Newman Street

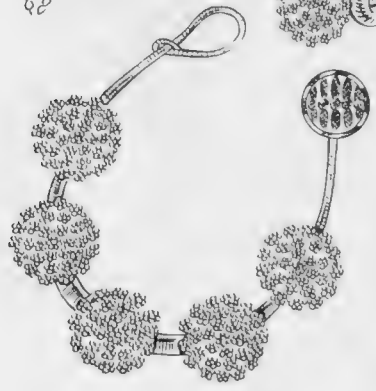
It is never a good plan to go away for a holiday with nothing but thin clothes as the weather may turn cold out of sheer capriciousness. A fine wool jumper knitted in red, white and blue, with an openwork lace stitch, is pictured below. It is very youthful and only costs a guinea at the London Association of the Blind, who have showrooms at 144a, Warwick Street, and 260, Kensington High Street. They specialise in knitted suits and frocks, and will gladly send their Coronation catalogue gratis and post free. Incidentally, their sale is now proceeding

Photographs by Scott Bushe



Here is a smart trio of summer sandals from Dolcis, 350 Oxford Street. The pair immediately above cost 4/11½ in blue-and-white knitted string, with rubber soles. Next to them is a rather more sophisticated American shoe for promenade wear, in white openwork canvas with green leather strapping

The last of the trio above from Dolcis is a hand-made Mexican sandal for 12/9, in white plaited leather with a thick sole and flat heel. It is very supple and extraordinarily comfortable for walking, as the leather sole protects the foot from sharp stones or shingle



Ordinary jewellery is out of place on the beach, but anything unusual is very smart, particularly with the new dressmaker suits. Sketched above are a necklace and bracelet from Harrods, Knightsbridge, in gold cord strung with "posies" of gaily-coloured beads

Tie this flowered piqué handkerchief round your head like a gipsy and let the stiffened ends in double cloth protect your neck from the sun. The effect is charming and the whole thing only costs 3/6 at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge

Another amusing form of headgear from Harvey Nichols is this diminutive saucer for 3/-, piped with printed piqué and attached to an elastic bandeau. It perches on the forehead and protects the eyes from the sun

A beach bag must be large and capable of carrying all the necessary paraphernalia for bathing, including a brush and comb. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are showing penguins lined with rubber and fitted with "rip" fasteners for 16/9, also oil silk "sacks" appliquéd with motifs of fish for 15/9

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The M.G. two-litre with a Tickford body—Alan Hess drove an identical model in the Welsh Rally

As I write this, Sir Malcolm Campbell and his boat Blue Bird are standing by waiting anxiously for calm conditions. We are all very confident and hopeful for the best.

In her first real speed burst, Blue Bird showed a rare turn of pace and a most reassuring manœuvrability. To his intense satisfaction, Sir Malcolm discovered that he can throttle right down to 35 m.p.h., or so, whereas he had expected that 50 m.p.h. would be the absolute minimum.

No gear-box is incorporated in the boat, as this would have necessitated the addition of some 500 lb. in weight, but a dog-clutch is provided. This dog-clutch cannot be engaged nor disengaged when the engine is running—consequently at such times either the boat is stationary for warming-up purposes, or else is very mobile indeed.

Compressed air "bottles" are used for starting and, on the occasion of the first test of all on Loch Lomond, an inadequate supply of compressed air was taken out in the tender, which caused delay. Then the starting-magneto spindle sheared. Each of these troubles was trivial enough in itself, but the combination of them necessitated the return of the boat to the boathouse without a real run.

However, the next time weather and loch conditions became favourable, the boat really gave some impression of her potential performance. With a mighty roar and a cloud of black smoke from her six stumpy exhaust-pipes (the smoke, incidentally, indicating a super-rich mixture), she tore off in a terrific burst of acceleration.

Planing beautifully, and creating extraordinarily little wash—to the manifest delight of Fred Cooper, her brilliant designer—Blue Bird quickly sped away into the distance. Straining our eyes, we could see her turn at the far end of her run in a long, graceful sweep, and then she roared off again, coming straight at our tender-boat.

Backing gently out of her way—gently in order not to create a disturbing wash—we watched and thrilled as she skimmed towards us, her 2000-h.p. engines thundering their full-throated anthem. So swiftly did she pass us, heading for the shore, that for the space of a split second it seemed to me impossible for her pilot to pull up or turn in time to avoid a crash. Then he throttled down and she rose on her step, and with another effortless sweep he turned and roared away across the loch once more.

The mechanics, all of whom were with me in the tender, shouted themselves hoarse with enthusiasm—and well they might, for at this, her first real trial, everything went without a hitch of any kind.

At something under 3000 revs., the boat attained a speed of between 70 and 80 m.p.h., while the water temperature remained at about 65 degrees. The water temperature was the one factor which all concerned were most anxious to test, for the thermostatically-controlled system employed on Blue

(Concluded on page x)

Blue skies . . . rosy cheeks . . . snap them in COLOUR

The wonderful invention known as Dufaycolor film brings a new thrill to your photography. Yet it costs little more than ordinary films, needs no alteration or addition to your ordinary camera, and is as simple to use as an ordinary film.

All you have to do is to put the Dufaycolor spool into your camera in the usual way, take your pictures, and send the result to us through your dealer. We will develop for you not only the picture as a transparency, in glorious natural colours, but as many black and white prints as you wish.

Get a Dufaycolor spool at once and bring back these glorious holiday days in colour. On sale at all dealers.

If you have any difficulty write to

OVERSEAS AGENCIES

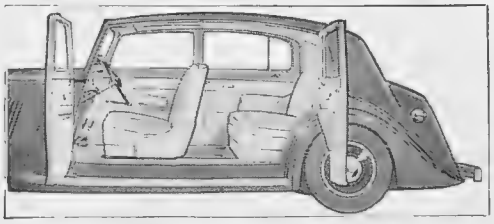
Dufay-Chromex Limited have not yet completed their list of overseas agencies. Those interested should apply on business letterheadings to the address given. Full information regarding Dufaycolor services, import duties, etc., is always at your service.

DUFAY-CHROMEX LTD 14-16 COCKSPUR STREET LONDON S.W.1

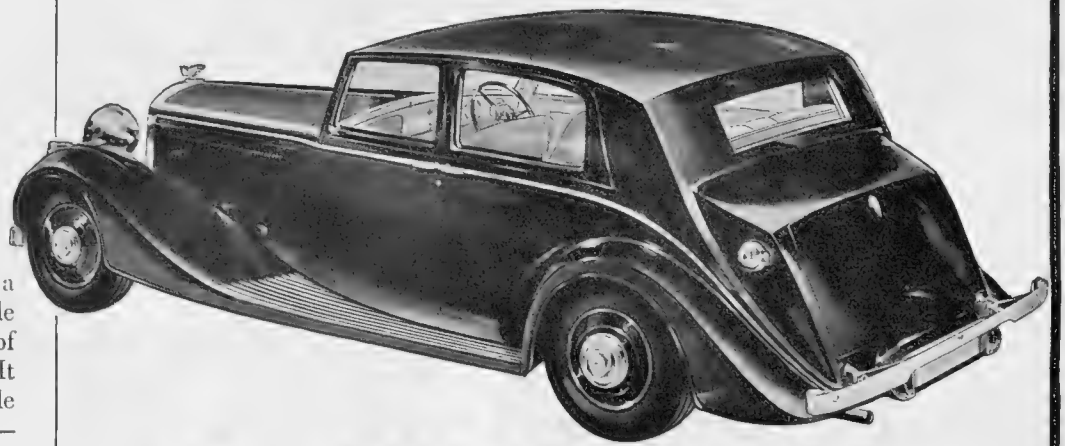
The
beauty
of
Barclay
design . . .

This Pillarless Saloon on a Bentley chassis is a notable example of the distinction of *Barclay-designed* coachwork. It is in the latest " squared " style and executed by Park Ward — just one of many fine cars to be seen in Jack Barclay's famous showrooms in Hanover Square, where London's largest display of Bentley and Rolls-Royce is always on view.

The BARCLAY Pillarless Saloon



You see here the great advantage of Pillarless design . . . the low, graceful lines of a Sports Saloon, yet the absence of any ' pillar ' between the doors enables you to get in and out very easily.



Jack BARCLAY Ltd.

Opposite St. George's Church

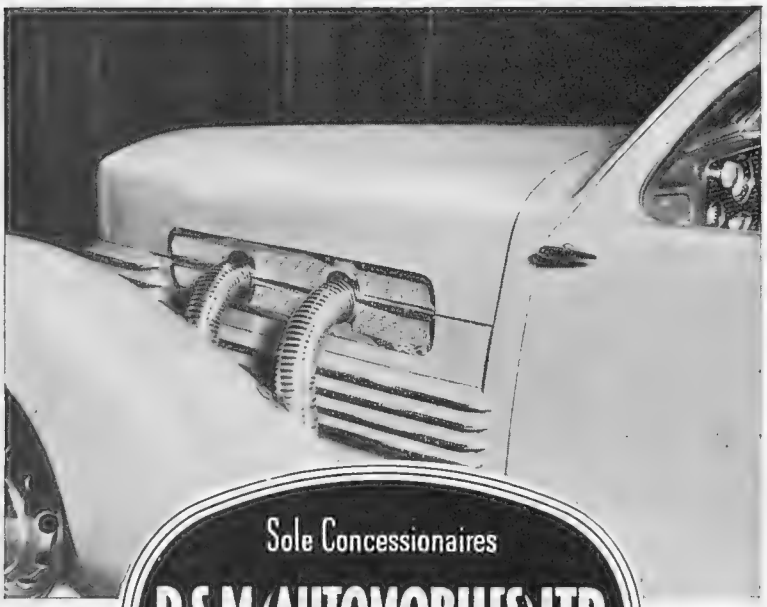
12-13 GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Phone : Mayfair 7444 (20 lines)

102 mph
on Autocar Test!

Consider these extracts from the March 26th issue of The Autocar . . . "*Really the acceleration of this machine is tremendous, and the test figures show the point very thoroughly. Yet weather conditions were far from favourable to those tests . . . There is no question that a terrific performance is given . . .*" In these tests the top speed of the Cord was timed at 102 m.p.h., accelerated from 30 to 50 m.p.h. in 4.6 seconds, accelerated from rest to 50 in 10.5 seconds, and from rest to 60 and 70 in 13.2 and 19.6 seconds respectively. And this, mark you, in an absolutely standard saloon model! More important than, and because of, the fact that the Cord is capable of well over 100 m.p.h., is its very high comfortable cruising speed—a safe, effortless and untiring 60, 70, 80 m.p.h. This amazing car is available as a Saloon, convertible Coupe, or Phæton. (Also the new 'Berline,' with driving partition). Radio standard on all models. SUPERCHARGED MODELS FROM £995. UNSUPERCHARGED FROM £895.

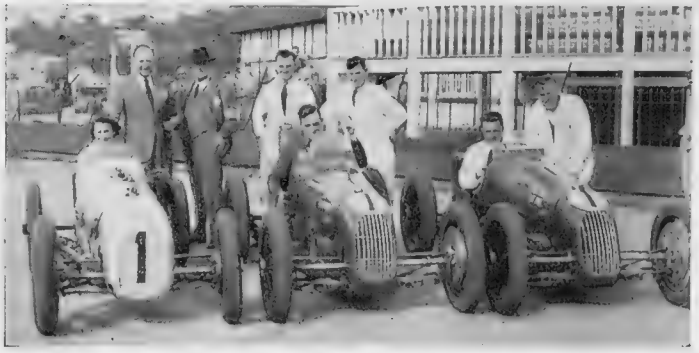
SUPERCHARGED
CORD



Sole Concessionaires
R.S.M. (AUTOMOBILES) LTD.
26 BRUTON ST. LONDON, W.1.

Telephone *Mayfair 0283*

AUBURN • CORD • DUESENBERG



Supercharged "Sevens": Mrs. Kay Petre, C. L. Goodacre and H. L. Hadley in Lord Austin's victorious trio which won the relay race of the Light Car Club at Brooklands, averaging the remarkable speed of 105·63 m.p.h. (over 250 miles)

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page viii)*

Bird" is revolutionary and its vindication on this trial lifted a great weight from the mind of its designer.

So pleased was everyone with the boat that it was decided at once to check up on everything and then to go "flat-out" over the measured nautical mile against stop-watches at the mile posts operated by unofficial time-keepers from the Royal Scottish Motor Yacht Club. Every detail of organisation was worked out and by this time I had perfected the sighting-marks at the far ends of the loch and on the sandy shoal of Inverbeg Point.

The boat was checked up and filled up and we all went to bed ready for renewed activity at 5 a.m. the following day. Five a.m. the following day, however, saw half a gale of wind lashing a relentless rain which persisted the whole day through, and the position when I left this little band of modern adventurers at Loch Lomond was that they were only awaiting fair conditions to make this "flat-out" practice run, after which, all being satisfactory, the "Blue Bird" car's engine would be substituted for the one now in the boat, the International Timekeepers would be summoned and further officially-timed runs would be made.

My reason for leaving at this point is that I am due to take a 2-litre drop-head coupé M.G. through the Welsh Rally, and I will give an account of this event in the BYSTANDER next week.

THE very sad loss of Pat Fairfield, who succumbed to injuries received when his car struck another which crashed in front of him in the early stages of the Le Mans 24-Hours Race, robs motor-racing of one of the finest drivers we have seen for many a day and one of the most charming and popular personalities the sport has ever attracted.

Fairfield's successes were many and because he was a superlative driver they always had the appearance of being "easy" wins; but anyone who has raced knows that no win is ever really so effortless as his successes generally appeared to be.

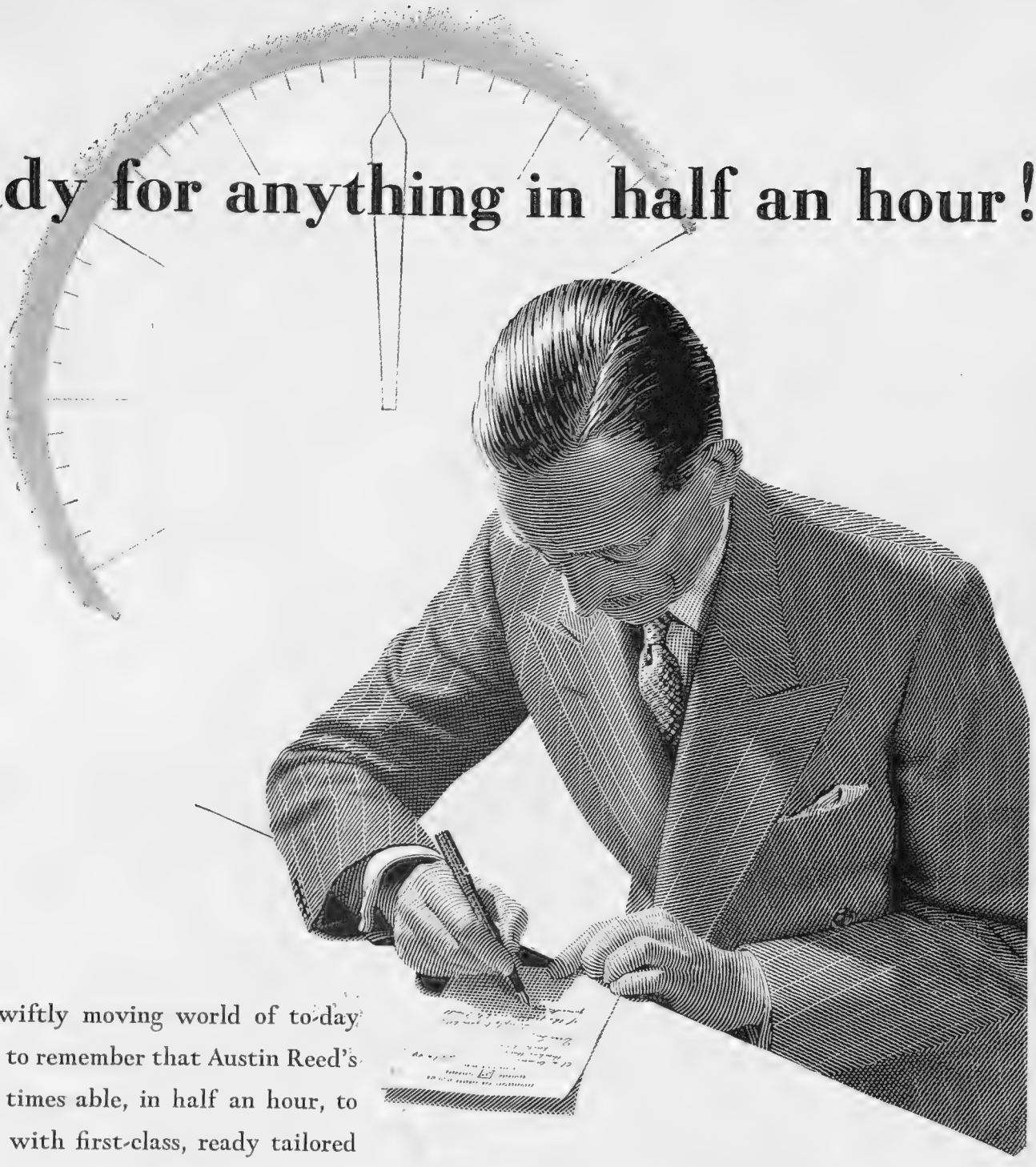
Fairfield invariably took his reverses philosophically and his triumphs modestly. That was the secret not only of his immense popularity but also of his great success.

IT is with admiration not unmixed with chagrin that I congratulate the Austin team on its latest success—the winning of the recent Brooklands Relay Race. My admiration is sincere, for these sturdy little supercharged 750 c.c. cars put up a wonderful exhibition of high-speed consistency. My chagrin, not quite so sincere, is because in averaging the magnificent speed of 105·63 m.p.h. they beat the four-years' old record of my team of 1100 c.c. "unblown" M.G. Magnas which in 1933 averaged 88·62 m.p.h. to win the same race.

When you consider that the Austin's speed of 105·63 m.p.h. included two stops for the drivers of the first two cars to hand over their "tokens" to their respective successors and that all three team-cars had to complete comparatively slow "standing" laps, their performance is indeed a triumph not only for the designers and makers of these little wonder-cars but also for their drivers, Charles Goodacre, H. L. Hadley and Mrs. K. Petre.

It is some sort of balm to my troubled susceptibilities to note that no other team in this year's race reached our 1933 average speed—particularly when it is remembered that in those days the second and third team-cars had to start with stone-cold engines whereas for the last two years drivers have been allowed to heat up their engines as their turns to start drew near.

Ready for anything in half an hour!



IN the swiftly moving world of to-day it is useful to remember that Austin Reed's are at all times able, in half an hour, to equip you with first-class, ready tailored clothes for every social and sporting occasion. You are able to choose with full confidence in the correctness of the cut, the quality of the materials and the value for money.

We have a very wide array of lounge suits tailored in the latest summer patterns in saxonies, worsteds and cheviots, and costing ***6, 7 and 8 guineas***

Just a part of the

AUSTIN REED *service*

103 REGENT STREET, W.1

77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2 · 13 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.3

Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Coventry, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Plymouth, Sheffield, Southampton

AUSTIN REED LTD.

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 32)*

a ball which ricochetted off the toe of my boot full pitch to the boundary.

THIS week the public schools are in the news, for there 's the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, and only the other day a very distinguished Etonian said to me in the pavilion : " It would be a thundering good thing for Eton cricket if Harrow gives them a good thrashing this year." Well, that seems unlikely, since form at both schools has been uncertain ; and we may say the same of Oxford and Cambridge, who will be about to embark on the last day of the Varsity match when you read these lines.

We knew at the beginning of term that Cambridge would be short of material, but Oxford had potentially a very strong side, and they put up some admirable shows in the Parks against the counties. It was odd how they went to pieces on tour ; but I think the explanation is that the lifeless Parks wicket accustoms them to the ball coming through at a relatively easy pace and when they get on to more variable wickets they are apt to be at sea.

NEXT, the melancholy task of paying tribute to two great leaders in the world of sport who have died since I last wrote : Sir Charles Clegg, President of the Football Association, and P. G. Fairfield, the racing driver who died after his injuries in the Le Mans crash.

Sir Charles Clegg was a tremendous figure in the Association Football world. He had been President of the F.A. since 1889, and he influenced the game profoundly. He was a great legislator and a wise leader ; and he averted many dangers which threatened Association Football after it developed as a professional sport. Sir Charles was a first-class player himself, for he represented England in the first match against Scotland in 1872.

As for Fairfield, his death will be regretted in motor racing circles the world over. He learned a great deal of his skill from Freddie Dixon, and he was probably the most gifted of British drivers. He scored a triumph for British cars last January by winning the South African Grand Prix against the strongest European competition. And not long after that he won the Rand Grand Prix. His last victory was on June 12th, when he won the Nuffield Trophy at Donington ; and then came this tragedy at Le Mans when Fairfield deliberately drove off the road in order to avoid a fellow competitor who had crashed and been thrown out of his car.

AS I suggested in these columns last week, all the talk about a fight this summer between Tommy Farr and Joe Louis has proved to be American hot air. The terms demanded by Mike Jacobs, the Chicago promoter, for this contest were fantastic and preparations are going on for Tommy Farr to meet Max Schmeling.

Now that Louis has beaten Braddock—and taken eight rounds in which to do it, incidentally—we feel more than ever that Schmeling is virtually world's champion. Mr. C. H. Douglas gave it as his view that championships are only won in the ring, and that, since Louis beat the title-holder, he must inevitably be regarded as the champion.

To my mind Braddock lost the championship when he refused to meet Schmeling, his logical and only challenger ; and the title became void, with Schmeling in the position of No. 1 Contender. The whole position, at any rate, is highly involved. But the argument has had the effect of making us realise that it is high time the Americans were shown that they have no right to claim control over international boxing. And this we do know. If Tommy Farr beats Max Schmeling, we can send him confidently against any man in the world.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

30 h.p. de Ville (9" longer chassis, 11' 6"). Price £1,195. (Division £30 extra).

The 4½ litre Lagonda Saloon, of beautiful appearance designed on essentially British lines. Natural and really comfortable seating front and rear. Perfect travelling ease throughout its amazing speed range. 95-100 m.p.h. Price £1,125.

4½ litre D.H. Coupe. Price £1,150
4½ litre Tourer. Price £1,050
4½ litre "Rapide." Price £1,050

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX. Telephone: Staines 1122 (5 lines).

The Venus de Milo

The most envied feminine form in the World

A FIRM and SHAPELY BUST is the ESSENCE of WOMANLY BEAUTY

Registered *Trade Mark*

Brand of Hormone Preparations

Obtainable through High-Class Chemists and Stores or direct from Distributors

A perfectly moulded bust is the crown of woman's loveliness. Few women, however, can pride themselves that they possess truly graceful contours, and it is only too often these days that modern dress reveals with candour the outline of forms which are imperfect.

Scientific research has led to the discovery of a hormone treatment—the S-8 Brand Preparations—which offers woman genuine help in her desire for figure pefection. These hormones exert a powerful though quite harmless influence upon the relaxed or undeveloped bust, correcting its imperfections, thus restoring to the breasts to the graceful contours and firmness of youth. The S-8 preparations develop and beautify the figure from within in Nature's own way.

Various formulæ have been prepared to suit individual cases. Their application and effect are fully explained in a scientific and most interesting book. Supported by many colour plates, it gives other important information and prices.

● Write at once for free ILLUSTRATED S-8 BOOK

Gelty Distributing Co.

156a, Oxford Street, London, W.1

This book will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope. All correspondence treated in strict confidence.

THE BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4
Telephone: Central 1010

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Revised from January 1, 1935)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months, No Extras
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	s. d.
[illegible]land	3 0 10	1 11 6	1 9 3	14 9
[illegible]nada	3 0 8	1 10 6	1 9 3	14 9
[illegible]ewhere broad	3 5 0	1 13 8	1 11 4	15 9

In all cases including postage.

[illegible]stage Rates: INLAND 2d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,
32-34, St. Bride Street,
London, E.C.4.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER *weekly for.....months commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose.....

Name.....

Address.....

Date 1937

AIX-LES-BAINS

GRAND HOTEL D'AIX

THE BEST SITUATION IN THE TOWN, NEXT TO THE GRAND CERCLE, OVERLOOKING THE GARDENS, AND CLOSE TO THE NEW THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Moderate Prices

WITH ITS FAMOUS OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT

"LES AMBASSADEURS"

Keep a secret?

DEWY, DAWN-NEW LIPS WITH THE NEW TATTOO

4/6

REFILLS 3/6

Tattoo Ltd.

It's the most luscious thing ever in lipsticks . . . this new Tattoo that stays dawn-dewy . . . nicely yet naughtily moist! No lipstick has ever given it before . . . it's a Tattoo extra-secret secret! You'll find it in all the mad, wicked, South Sea Tattoo shades . . . and it means no more drying, no more youth-destroying puckering! And no more public performances of making-up! Tattoo—the one and only stay-on-for-ever lipstick . . . *now*, with the new stay-on dawn dewiness!

THE NEW 'STAY-NEW'

TATTOO

"HAWAIIAN" *is the newest, reddest red! Vivid and impudently daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Positively won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!*

"EXOTIC" *is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.*

At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

"CORAL" *has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Yes—dewy too!*

"NATURAL"—*a medium shade—is a true, rich, blood colour. An asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty!*

"PASTEL" *is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing!*

"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a home-lover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link. Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country.

A weekly feature in

The SPHERE

Every Friday—Price One Shilling

"Let's Halt Awhile"

Since 1934, 16,000 copies have been sold of "Let's Halt Awhile"—a description of hotels, inns, and guest-houses personally "discovered" by Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Vol. I.—Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Vol. II.—Devon and Cornwall.

It is obtainable through your usual book-seller, or 1s. 3d. post free, from Ashley Courtenay Ltd., 68, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

Smear of Wax *(Continued from page iv)*

The police cadet felt foolish. "It 's just for our records," he explained.

"Anything else ? "

Chalmers hesitated. He had been under Detective-Inspector Burley's tutelage for five weeks, and if he had learnt nothing else, he knew the inspector insisted on the scrupulous carrying-out of his instructions. "I am to report," he enquired, "that you brought the arrows back with you from natives in Brazil ? "

"Of course ! " The explorer struck a match and drew at his pipe. "Entering it in your notebook ? " he asked, and Chalmers grinned shamefacedly.

"Wait a minute ! " The older man flung away the match. "Now you mention it, I 've just remembered. Those arrows didn't come back with our gear. We lost a good deal of our baggage in a canoe upset. We had to buy those arrows."

Chalmers was scratching out his entry. "Where did you buy them ? "

The other thought for a moment, then recollected the address of a shop near the British Museum. Chalmers copied it faithfully down.

Outside the building he was surprised to find the inspector waiting in his taxi. "Remembered something else," he explained. "Where did Major Whatsit get the arrows ?" Chalmers told him, and they drove back to the Yard in silence.

"Before I risk a kick in the pants for getting a warrant out that goes sour on us," the inspector explained, when they reached his room, "I 'll get one or two good excuses ready. Always have an excuse on tap." He reached for his desk telephone and gave a number.

"A warrant ? You mean it wasn't—wasn't accidental ? "

"That 's just the one thing it wasn't, m'lad. Hello ! This is Detective-Inspector Burley, of Scotland Yard . . ."

The questions he shot into the telephone meant nothing to Chalmers.

"Who 's the warrant for ? " Chalmers asked at length.

"For ? " The inspector was deep in the pages of the telephone directory. "Don't look so scared. Not for you." He passed a number to the operator. In the next five minutes he made two more calls, then, hanging up the receiver : "We 'll get our warrant before he has time to skip, this Major Whatsisname. Come on, young fellow. Follow me and you 'll see that this is about the most difficult part of your job. A man who can get a warrant here is a good man."

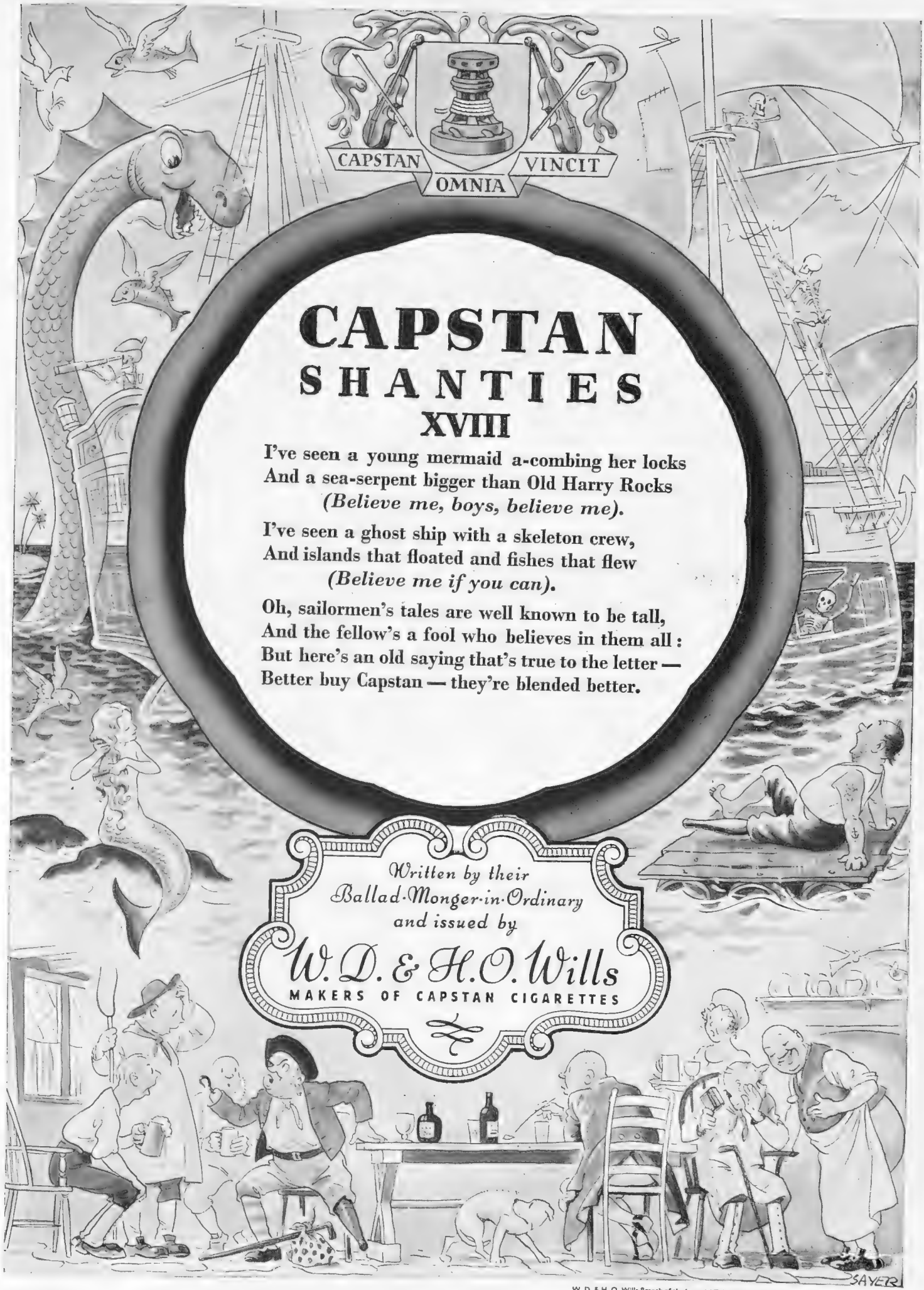
When two plain-clothes men had been sent off with the warrant, which the inspector managed to obtain, not, it seemed to Chalmers, with any overwhelming difficulty, the inspector took his young companion out of the building for lunch. He hailed a taxi on the Embankment. "This one isn't chargeable," he informed Chalmers. "But you can pay for it if you like. Arrows from the tropics aren't covered with wax that will melt in your hand. It 's the little things that trip these murderers. You want to watch out for 'em.

"But don't worry. You have to spend years on the job to get as suspicious as I am. All the police colleges in the world won't help you get experience. If those arrows didn't come back with those two birds, one of them bought 'em somewhere, didn't he ? And in civilised countries they don't make arrows with deadly poison on 'em. Someone put the poison there after buying them."

"If you knew all this what were you telephoning about ? " Chalmers asked.

"You have to get facts for a warrant. The arrows are made — harmless — in Clerkenwell and the man at that curio shop sells dozens of them. While you were talking to this Major Thingummy I slipped back and asked a few questions at the hotel. Those two birds have been fighting like old maids. Comes of being shut up in the forests together for years. I found out from the man who has arranged their tour that they 've been fighting over the split, too. Oh, yes. Major Whosit had a motive all right. He must have hated Brash. And Brash him, I expect. There 's generally a lot of telephoning before you can get a warrant on these routine jobs."

The taxi pulled up outside a restaurant in Coventry Street. When Chalmers had paid the man, the inspector took his arm affectionately. "The thing is to get these office jobs cleared up quickly," he explained. "Otherwise they tend to interfere with your regular meals. Never let 'em do that, and you 'll go far. Now, let me see. Who was it paid for the taxi—you or me ? Never mind. We won't worry about that. You get 1s. 9d. allowed for lunch out. I 'll give you my one-and-nine and you can stand me the lunch. I haven't got wealthy folks. Come on."



W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CC572

Golf Clubs at Home: Western Gailes

The Western Gailes Golf Club ranks as one of the foremost courses on the west coast of Scotland. It was instituted in the year 1897. The honorary president of the club is the Duke of Portland, the honorary vice-president Mr. J. Harling Turner

E. Rose (vice-captain)

John Scott (captain)

James Easdale

John Neil (secretary and treasurer)

D. H. Livingston (committee)

W. McChlery

H. H. Patrick, H. M. Murray and R. A. McKinlay

T. W. Somerville, D. Miller, H. F. Polson and E. Young

W. Glencross and W. S. Ross

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, July 7, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post-Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

Pert curls or graceful waves

only EUGÈNE can make them NATURAL as well as LASTING . . .

You simply can't risk disappointment with your next permanent wave! It means so much to you and to your success. Even your new frock will be a failure if you feel all the time that your hair is not perfectly dressed. So, if you are wise, you will ask very definitely for a Eugène Wave. For safety's sake—for fashion's sake—and also for economy's sake, since a Eugène Wave lasts for months and months. Your local Registered Eugène Waver is fully qualified to use the wonderful Eugène method as the ideal basis for setting a hair-style specially devised to suit your personality and features. But be sure he uses genuine Eugène Sachets—back as well as front—for only then can you have the lasting satisfaction of Eugène's graceful, lasting waves and curls, which are full of "life" and "spring", and yet never look artificial or ordinary.

EUGÈNE PERMANENT WAVE

● FREE: Send your name and address on a postcard for a free specimen Sachet and Betty Brand's booklet "On Choosing a Hair-Style." Eugène, Ltd., (Dept. 14), Edgware Road, Hendon, N.W.9

CVS—33

Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review Weddings and Engageme

Tunbridge

Monica Bishop

Is the elder daughter of the late Herbert Bishop and Mrs. Bishop, of 3, Glenloch Road, Hampstead, and is engaged to Oswald Lloyd-Davies, son of the Rev. S. Lloyd-Davies, of 47, Victoria Road, Gore Park, E.9

Catherine Bell

Natalie Anne Cooper

Is the only daughter of the late Leslie Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, of Redcliffe, Orpington, Kent; she has announced her engagement to Derek Brown, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Brown, of Letchworth, Herts.

Lafayette

Kathleen Briggs

Has announced her engagement to Lt. Ronald Hugh Royds, R.N., youngest son of Major and Mrs. W. Royds, of The Kennel House, Kintbury, Newbury; she is the only daughter of Captain Godfrey Briggs, of Perywern, Aberystwyth

Kay Vaug

Viva Dolores Clark

Is the eldest daughter of M and Mrs. Garnet Clark, of T Red Lodge, Tadworth, Surre she is engaged to Hop Hamilton, younger son of L Col. and Mrs. F. A. Hamilt of High Glanau, Monmouthsh

Douglas

Jane Heath Dear

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. A. Dear, of St. Mary Abbot's Court, W.14; she is engaged to Gordon Wright, second son of the late Archibald Wright and Mrs. C. H. Lamprill, of Hobart, Tasmania

Catherine Bell

Ella Campbell Gibson

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell Gibson, of 7, St. Leonard's Road, Thames Ditton, and is engaged to Dr. J. Guthrie Clothier, younger son of the Rev. G. H. and Mrs. Clothier, of Bexley, Kent

Clark Hall — Gatacre

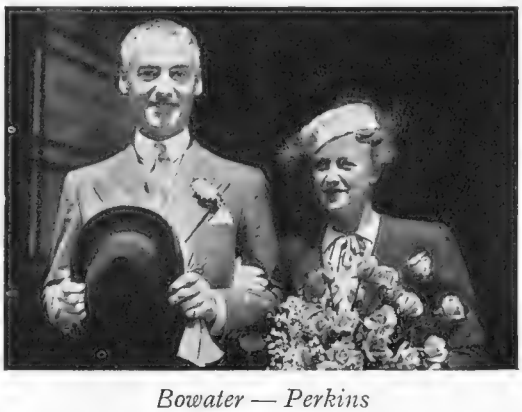
James Edward Michael Clark Hall, only son of Surgeon-Captain Clark Hall, R.N., and Mrs. Clark Hall, married Diana Mary Gatacre at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. She is the only daughter of Major W. E. Gatacre and the late Mrs. Gatacre, of Dunstone, Dorrington, near Shrewsbury

Potter — Haslam

Charles Addison Potter, only son of the late C. J. Potter and Mrs. Potter, of Penn Lodge, Beaconsfield, and Diana Marion Haslam, younger twin daughter of Major and Mrs. G. W. P. Haslam, of Whitelocks, Kingston, near Canterbury, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Burke — Sandars

Anthony Burke, Grenadier Gu and Rosemary Sandars were ried at Brompton Oratory, w guard of honour from the groom's regiment. He is the s the late Capt. Bernard Burk Mrs. H. L. Sharpe; the br the daughter of the late J Sandars and the Hon. Mrs. dars, of Gate Burton Hall, L



Bowater — Perkins

Left: Eric Vansittart Bowater, chairman of th paper firm of that name, only son of the late Si Frederick Bowater and Lady Bowater, of 4, Alex andra Place, S.W.7, married Margaret Vivian Perkins at Caxton Hall Register Office. Sh is the younger daughter of the late Charles Per kins and Mrs. Perkins, of St. Alban

Hay — Morton

Grant Hay, eldest son of the late W. G. Hay Mrs. Hay, of York Place, Dunedin, N.Z., and e Olive Morton, eldest daughter of Mr. and H. F. Morton, of Timaru Dean, Christ-h, N.Z., were married at the Cathedral of the room's Oxford college — Christ Church

Fairclough — Watson

Walter Fairclough, son of the late Walter Fairclough and Mrs. Fairclough, of Woodlands, Westcott, married Ella Watson at South Holmwood Church. She is the daughter of Sir Duncan and Lady Watson, of Scamells Corner, Holmwood, near Dorking

Pratt — Spitta

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Dr. Ernest Percival Pratt, younger son of Dr. F. and the late Mrs. Pratt, of Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, married Diana Spitta, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Harold Spitta, of 12, Bolton Street, W.1

Boyd-Carpenter — Hall

rchibald Boyd-Carpenter, only son of Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter and Boyd-Carpenter, of River House, m-Thames, and Margaret Mary Hall, ughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Leslie Hall, erdene, Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, rried at St. James's, Spanish Place

Latham — Lindsay

Captain Ian Harold McDiarmid Latham, 36th Sikhs, married Pamela Lindsay at the chapel of the bride's college, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She is the daughter of Sir Benjamin and Lady Lindsay, of 17, Lathbury Road, Oxford

Rimell — Cockburn

F. T. Rimell and Mercy Cockburn were married at Warwick. He is the amateur jockey son of the trainer, T. R. Rimell, of Kinnersley, Severn Stoke, near Worcester; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Crosby Cockburn, of Budbrooke Lodge, Warwick

Barber — Dresser

p Gerald Barber, youngest son of the late Harold r and Mrs. Barber, of Todwick House, near eld, and Roma Mary Patricia Dresser, daughter of the late Major H. J. Dresser Mrs. Dresser, of 91, Campden Hill Court, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

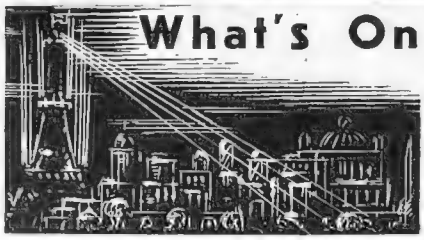
Bristowe — Inglis

Robert Henry Bristowe, third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Burke, and Margaret Cochrane Inglis, younger daughter of the late Rev. Rupert Inglis and Mrs. Inglis, of Bramble Rough, Hartfield, Sussex, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Suter — Hunter

Denis James Suter, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. George Suter, of Drynham, Oatlands Chase, Weybridge, and Diana Mary Hunter, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hunter, of Windyridge, Wimbledon Common, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

PARIS 1937



The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

EXHIBITION NEWS

THE various pavilions of foreign nations are being inaugurated at a rapid rate and the time is not far distant when they will all be open to the public. Poland, Japan, Australia, Siam, Roumania, Sweden, and the United States are some of the new pavilions now open.

The United States Pavilion was inaugurated by Ambassador Bullitt on July 4th, the National American holiday. It is a towering structure, built on sky-scraper lines, and presents attractive exhibits of American arts and industries.

The Pavilion of Poland is one of the most original of all the Exhibition buildings. A drawbridge over a shallow moat is the fitting entryway to a great feudal tower which contains magnificent statues of Poland's heroes. Grouped about the attractive gardens are a number of small modern pavilions, each presenting some phase of Polish life and industry, and forming a harmonious architectural ensemble. The opening of the Polish Pavilion was accompanied by a music Festival at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. Wanda Landowska, with a group of her pupils, gave a memorable concert of ancient Polish music.

THE PAVILION OF ELEGANCE

IN this spacious blue-walled building, recently opened, the great couturiers, under the leadership of Mme. Jeanne Lanvin, have prepared a very beautiful exhibit of models. It has a roof-garden restaurant, called the " Club des Oiseaux," where Eddie South and his orchestra play. Tables must be reserved (Tel. : Invalides 77-84). In the afternoons, Thé-Cocktails are held and are featured by fashion parades.

LA NUIT DU DIRECTOIRE

CAPRICIOUS Parisian weather fortunately favoured this brilliant outdoor fête. Over a thousand people attended, the women dressed in Directoire costumes, the men in Directoire uniforms. The Lord Mayor of London was the guest of honour. The success of this venture is largely due to the efforts of M. François Latour and his staff, who are now working on the two forthcoming fêtes : the Midsummer Night's Dream in the Bagatelle Gardens, and the Mystery Play at Notre Dame.

LUXURY TRADE CENTRE'S LUNCHEON

AN effort will be made by a group of leading Parisian merchants to impress on the thousands of Exhibition visitors that the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix have been for three centuries the heart of the Parisian luxury trade. A luncheon was recently given at the Hotel Ritz to announce this group and their work, which will consist in keeping the character of the Rue de la Paix district and to give it the dignity and glamour which have been its glory in the past and which they intend to make a part of its future.

RESTAURANTS AT THE EXHIBITION

EN PLEIN CIEL.—Located on the first platform of the Tour Eiffel, at a height of fifteen stories, this restaurant commands a superb view of the Exhibition and Paris. There are galas every night ; dancing begins at 10 o'clock.

RESTAURANT ROI GEORGE.—On the banks of the Seine, this restaurant offers delicious French food and the best view of the luminous fountains.

HUNGARIAN PAVILION.—Under the able management of M. Koranyi, lately of the Kisch-Royal Restaurant of Budapest, this restaurant has met with the enthusiastic approval of gourmets who appreciate the rare Hungarian dishes. The Gypsy musicians, the native-costumed waiters and waitresses, the airy terrace under the trees of the Trocadero garden, all help to create the delightful atmosphere of the garden restaurants on the quais of Budapest.

ITALIAN PAVILION.—Those who like Italian cuisine will find it at its very best in the official restaurant of the Italian Pavilion. Located on the Seine—a cool spot in warm weather.

GERMAN PAVILION.—The famed Horcher of Berlin is in charge of this restaurant. It is wise to reserve tables in advance.

LA REINE PEDAUQUE.—A quiet terrace restaurant of the Luxembourg Pavilion. Already reputed for its cuisine and Luxembourg specialities.

OTHER PLACES TO DINE

KORNILOFF, 6, Rue Armailé.—As there is no restaurant in the Russian Pavilion, a very good idea of that country's excellent cuisine can be had at Korniloff's, the leading Russian restaurant in Paris.

CRILLON GRILL AND BAR, Rue Boissy d'Anglais.—As a prelude to your visit to the Exhibition, lunch or dine at this smart restaurant—a stone's throw from the Place de la Concorde entrance.

CINEMAS

CINEMA EDOUARD VII.—The great British hit, *Farewell Again* is now showing here. An Erich Pommer production.

CINEMA MARBEUF.—A double feature bill for the Exhibition months : *Turn of the Moon*, with Charlie Ruggles—fast and funny ; *King of Gamblers*, with Claire Trevor, Lloyd Nolan, and Evelyn Brent, an exciting drama. These two Paramount productions are sure to enjoy a long run.

CINEMA DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.—*May-Time*, a lavish operetta starring Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy.

CINEMA OF THE RUSSIAN PAVILION.—Characteristic Russian films are shown daily at the special cinema of the Russian Pavilion in the Exhibition.

Max Spiro presents
every night
"Bagatelle"
The most fashionable and exclusive night club in Paris
20 rue de Clichy Tri. 79-33

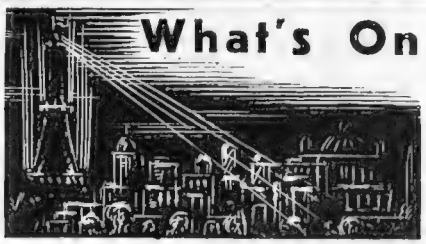
The two shows you MUST see
Plaisirs de France and French CanCan at the
• BAL TABARIN
and The Cotton Club of New York at the
• MOULIN ROUGE

THE GENTLEMAN'S The KNIZE TEN TOILETRIES
146, Champs-Elysées PARIS
VIENNA — BADGASTEIN (SALZBURG) — PRAGUE CARLSBAD—LONDON—BERLIN

LE PROVENÇAL
THE RIGHT HOTEL IN THE RIGHT PLACE
JUAN LES PINS
ANTIBES LE CAP
Water-Ski-ing Sandy Beach
For information apply to "Syndicats d'Initiative"

CASINO MUNICIPAL
The Most Agreeable Summer Casino of the FRENCH RIVIERA

PARIS 1937



The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

THEATRES

AMBASSADEURS.—The Revue of the Cotton Club of New York, in its original setting, is presented here by Edmond Sayag.

CHATELET.—A super-operetta, *Yana*, in two acts and twenty-five scenes; 400 artists, 2000 costumes.

CASINO DE PARIS.—Super-revue, *Paris en Joie*, with Maurice Chevalier.

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.—Classic French plays in modern settings.

COMING EVENTS

JULY 7TH AND 9TH.—Yugoslavian Folklore Festivals; Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

JULY 8TH, 9TH, 10TH.—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Shakespeare's fantasy presented in a sylvan setting with Serge Lifar and his corps de ballet; Bagatelle Gardens, Bois de Boulogne.

JULY 14TH.—National French Holiday; parades, illuminations.

JULY 18TH.—Belgian Festival; Grand Palais.

JULY 21ST.—Classical Theatre of Orange; at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

JULY 26TH.—Luxembourg Concert; Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

JULY 27TH-28TH.—Swiss Festival at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées.

SHOPPING IDEAS

IF you want to bring back gifts from Paris—for others and yourself—here are some good addresses:

A LA REINE D'ANGLETERRE, 249, Rue St. Honoré.—Furs—ranging from simple skins to elaborate coats. Summer prices.

KNIZÉ, 146, Avenue des Champs-Élysées.—This famous tailor also carries an extensive line of gentlemen's toiletries.

OLD ENGLAND, 12, Boulevard des Capucines.—A specialist in sports wear for ladies and gentlemen.

MAPPIN AND WEBB, 1, Rue de la Paix.—Charming Parisian luxuries, glassware, smoker's accessories, the gift shop par excellence.

BOUCHERON, 26, Place Vendôme.—A magnificent collection of modern jewellery.

LES PARFUMS DU PRINCE MATCHABELLI, 26, Rue Cambon.—Abano, a refreshing and exotic bath oil, which is one of the famous creations of Prince Matchabelli, now exists also as a delicate but lasting perfume.

HUNGARY
THE CHARMING
cordially invites you to visit the
Royal Hungarian Pavilion
at the Paris International Exhibition
Exhibits of Classic and Modern Hungarian Art—Peasant Crafts —Life in Hungary To-day
Hungarian Restaurant
National Dishes—Budapest's Best Gypsy Orchestra

To enjoy your visit to Paris and the 1937 Exhibition . . .
Stay at the most conveniently located De Luxe Hotel:
HOTEL DE CRILLON
Place de la Concorde
BAR :: GRILL-ROOM
Manager: A. Colas Telegr. address: Crilonotel

The Parfums of Prince Matchabelli
Fortnum & Mason's — London
26 Rue Cambon — Paris

BOISSIER
confiseur de Paris
candies shop
7, Boul^d des Capucines
104, Champs-Élysées
93, Avenue Malakoff
SALON DE THÉ

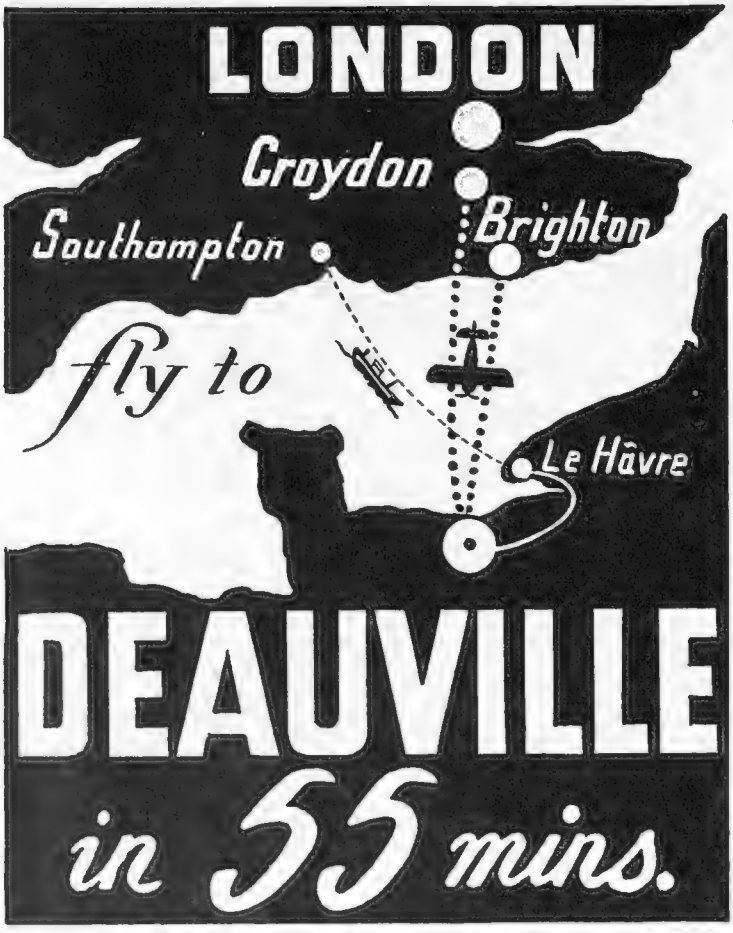
BOUCHERON
Jewellers
26 Place Vendôme, PARIS
180 New Bond St., London 610 Fifth Avenue, New York

MAPPIN & WEBB
GIFTS
1, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS.

A LA REINE D'ANGLETERRE
FURS
249 rue St. Honoré PARIS

Grand Marnier
LIQUEUR MONDIALE

COOKS — FOR PARIS
THOS. COOK & SON LTD.
BERKELEY ST., LONDON, W.1
BRANCHES EVERYWHERE
Tickets issued for all routes. Rail and Boat, Train-Ferry, Air. Pullman, Sleepers and Hotel Accommodation reserved. Sightseeing arranged.



Via **CHANNEL AIR FERRIES, LTD.**

For all information apply to main agents:

OLLEY AIR SERVICE, LTD.

Departure Horseferry House, (K.L.M.), Milbank, Westminster 9.45 a.m.
Croydon 10.45 a.m. Fare: Single £3, Return £5.

Telephone : Croydon 5117/8

SPECIAL DAILY SERVICE, BRIGHTON (SHOREHAM)-DEAUVILLE
from August 1st to September 1st.

For information: Olley Air Service, Shoreham. Tel. 500.

By Southampton and Havre overnight (Southern Rly.)

NORMANDY HOTEL • ROYAL HOTEL
HOTEL DU GOLF

(on links)

Room only for £1. Room and full board inclusive from £1/10

All sports. 2 Golf Courses. Tennis. Polo. Regattas. 2 Physical Culture Clubs (for adults and children). Horse Show. Yachting. Gay Galas at the Ambassadeurs.

Sunday, July 11th:

Concours d'Elégance Automobile

Under the auspices of "LE FIGARO."

Saturday, July 17th:

Week-End Air Rally from Great Britain to Deauville.

For information apply Sec'y Royal Aero Club, 119, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

July 22-August 2:

International Bridge Tournament

Organised by Crockford's Club de Paris
(Deauville Gold Cup)

In July and August

33 Days of Horse Races on Two Race Courses. £50,000 in Prizes.

Sunday, August 22nd:

GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE

ROULETTE — BANQUE OUVERTE — BACCARAT

F. André, Managing Director. Same management as Casino Municipal, Cannes.

Come to France

The land of quaint costumes and customs, of legend and history, of castles and cathedrals, of golden sands and lovely bays. Spend a real holiday, fashionable or informal, where life is so different and the climate so bracing.

BRITTANY • NORMANDY • PICARDY

Special reduced week-end (no passport) and 17-day Holiday Tickets issued on certain days of the week. DON'T FORGET that with the "Carte de Legitimation" you **GET 50% REDUCTION IN RAILWAY FARES** if you visit PARIS and its EXHIBITION for at least 5 days, and the whole of FRANCE becomes your playground.

50% REDUCTION IN RAILWAY FARES THROUGHOUT FRANCE. For further information, also details of special REDUCED week-end (no passport) and 17-day HOLIDAY TICKETS, Family Tickets, with 75% REDUCTION for the third and subsequent persons, conditions of free rail transport of cars in France, etc., apply to FRENCH RAILWAYS—NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 179 Piccadilly, W.1, Regent 0135, the S.R. Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or any Travel Agent.

where your £ is worth more

CVS—24

Summer Sale of Furs

Come to the City and compare our Wholesale Value before purchasing elsewhere.

THE glorious New Models now being offered represent the finest possible value, because we actually make them in our own workrooms—all intermediate profits are entirely eliminated. Every garment is fully guaranteed and marked at reduced Summer Price.

Attractive
New Shoulder Cape
in Sable-dyed
Squirrel
from selected
and very silky skins
Finest possible value!

Reduced Sale Price
18 gns
Sent on approval

SPECIAL SUMMER CATALOGUE
gladly sent free on request

City Fur Store
64, ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD
LONDON, E.C.4.
MAKERS OF FINE FURS
Half minute from St Paul's Station (Underground)

Marshall & Snelgrove
introduce
the perfect Brassiere
GOTHIC

- Gothic (Patent No. 448829 and Regd.) is new in every way and embodies a patented construction which no other brassiere can give.
- Gothic is the sure way to an accentuated, fashionable bust line.
- Gothic embodies the Gothic patented arch of Cordtex fabric which moulds the bust and does not need any lifting assistance from the shoulder straps.

Marshall & Snelgrove
Tel: Mayfair 6600 Debenhams Ltd
VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON W.1.

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

BREAST SUPPORTER

Beware of Harmful Substitutes

WHICH NEITHER SUPPORT NOR UPLIFT. The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only **JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER** gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. **GUARDS** against **CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS,** and relieves **PAIN** immediately.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste

Trade Mark. Regd. Design Copyright Reserved.

White material.
For drooping, heavy figures **38/6**
Loose breasts **32/6**
Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from **52/6**
Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.
For small Figures only, in white fine material, **15/6**
Very low back model, **63/-**

LOW BACK, ETC., FOR BATHING, From 25/6

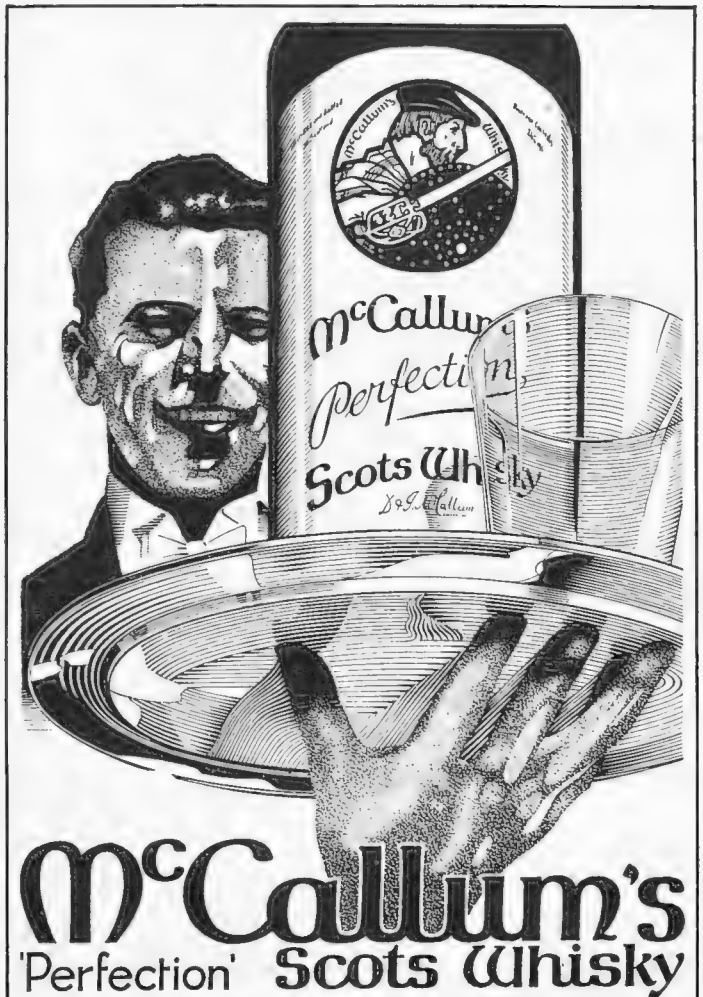
FOR PHYSICAL EXERCISES.
WITHOUT & WITH

Women will find JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER an ideal uplift and support for physical exercises, as vibration of breasts causes pain, and dragging appearance from the neck.

Also a NEW INVENTION for AMPUTATION Breast Supporter with Pad. *Prices on application.*

HOSIERY, BATHING COSTUMES, ETC.
Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free illustrated Circular.
If not satisfactory, money returned in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order

Post free only in U.K. *Obtainable only from:*
"JOUJOU" Co. Dept. B.362
32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone WELBECK 1249



McCallum's
'Perfection' Scots Whisky

BY APPOINTMENT

- A new kind of sock. Self-supporting. No suspenders needed. The special patented design with a top band containing Lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tightness round the leg. From 4/6. Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridge's, Simpsons and other good hosiers.

TENOVA
self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974.
Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent St., London, W.1. Regent 2424

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 7 — July 13

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Janet Johnson and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.—Competent and often wise triangle play with Keneth Kent as husband, Hartley Power and Marie Ney as lovers, Dorothy Hyson as young girl: Haymarket, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—The costumes are from Korda's still-born *Claudius*, Neil Porter is Julius, Ion Swinley Antony, Eric Portman Brutus: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE KING'S PIRATE.—Careful historically and lively dramatically, it treats of the Raleigh who survived into James I.'s reign; Wyndham Goldie in the lead: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight continues as Becket in T. S. Eliot's poetic drama: Old Vic, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (last 3 days).

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

SATYR.—Pathological plot of an unpleasant nature gives Marius Goring, Flora Robson and A. E. Matthews chances for very strong acting: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer; Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music ordinary; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FLOODLIGHT.—Beverley Nichols' revue keeps a nice standard of sentiment, humour, sense and tunefulness; Frances Day, John Mills, Hermione Baddeley; excellent décor by René Hubert: Saville, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

PAGANINI.—Tauber's singing makes up for his dissimilarity to the original of the name part; Evelyn Laye's for her renunciation rôle in a romantic lavish musical with strong support: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 93.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WONDERFUL WORLD.—This revue will do well for a light giggling evening; Florence Desmond tops a good bill: Palace, 6 and 9.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's school life comedy is back again, with the same cast—Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NO SLEEP FOR THE WICKED.—Peter Haddon as a quarter-witted, charming, successful secret agent up against gun-runners in Algiers; Claire Luce, too, in this improbable play: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Swaebe

Renter and Producer at a Premiere

The renter is the Marquis de Casa Maury, manager of the enlightened and luxurious Curzon Cinema; the producer is Guenther Stapenhorst, and the premiere was of his "Court Waltzes"

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton—need we say more? Strand, 8.30.

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER.—Sybil Thorndike as an ex-Suffragette is torn between bovine husband Evelyn Roberts and go-ahead daughter Jessica Tandy; Leon Quartermaine and Margaret Bannerman support: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—Barré Lyndon's new play has Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans in the lead: Globe, to-night, 7th.

WOMEN OF PROPERTY.—A play about modern Finland with Mary Morris at the head of a big cast: Queen's, Thurs., 8th.

HAMLET.—Christopher Oldham is the Prince, supported by Torin Thatcher, Gillian Scaife, Cecil Trouncer: Westminster, Fri., 9th.

CINEMAS

DER AMMENKÖNIG (German).—A clever piece of satire in brilliant rococo setting with Käthe Gold and Gustav Knuth: Studio One.

BLACK LEGION (American).—Humphrey Bogart stars in a tale of underground sabotage gangs and rackets: New Gallery.

THE COURT WALTZES (French).—A musical film of the Lanner-Strauss waltz-battle in Vienna and London: Curzon.

DER HERRSCHER (German).—Emil Jannings has a stern part as "the boss" in this 1936 prize film: Berkeley.

I MET HIM IN PARIS (American).—Witty dialogue and direction, and amusing acting by Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young: Carlton.

KID GALAHAD (American).—Wayne Morris is the kid boxer, Edward G. Robinson his manager, and Bette Davis the girl friend in a tough ringside story: Gaumont.

THE LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID (American).—Claimed to be authentic, much thrilling capital is made out of conditions of revolutions; Dorothy Lamour, Gilbert Roland, Anthony Quinn: Plaza.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

NANCY STEELE IS MISSING (American).—June Lang and Victor McLaglen in this: Regal.

NIGHT MUST FALL (American).—Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell have the leads in the film of the stage megalomaniacal thriller: Empire.

ONE IN A MILLION (American).—A spectacular film starring Sonja Henie supported by Adolphe Menjou Don Ameche, Jean Hersholt: Regal.

TOP OF THE TOWN (American).—A large-size musical with Doris Nolan, George Murphy, Gregory Ratoff, the Three Sailors: Leicester Square.

WE FROM KRONSTADT (Russian).—Good acting, camera-craft and propaganda in the story of the sailors' part in the Bolshevik revolution: Academy.

THE WOMAN BETWEEN (American).—Mainly an air-thriller, with Paul Muni as a pilot, Miriam Hopkins as the woman: London Pavilion.

OPERA

D'OYLY CARTE.—Gilbert and Sullivan operettas by their most famous exponents: Sadler's Wells. 8. Sat., 2.30.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES at Covent Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LE PAVILLON, LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE, LE BEAU DANUBE.—To-day, 7th (mat.).

CIMAROSIANA, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, SCHEHERAZADE.—To-night, 7th.

LES CENT BAISERS, CLEOPATRA, LE BEAU DANUBE.—Thurs., 8th.

CIMAROSIANA, CHOREARTIUM, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE PRINCE IGOR.—Fri., 9th.

FEMMES DE BONNE HUMEUR, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, DANSES SLAVES ET TZIGANES.—Sat. 10th (mat.).

LE PAVILLON, CLEOPATRA, LE BEAU DANUBE.—Sat. 10th.

SCHOLA DE BALLO, LE TRICORNE, CIMAROSIANA.—Mon., 12th.

LAC DES CYGNES, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, CLEOPATRA.—Tues., 13th.

UDAY SHAN-KAR.—The Hindu dancer and his company have some new works for their two-weeks' season Gaiety, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

London Nights: Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

Under cover at the Ritz

The Ritz

It was pleasant, last time I was dancing at the Ritz, to see that at least half its denizens were in their early twenties. Surprising, too, I thought, for surely the season scooped up most of the tender-yeared gentry around now to dance privately (if you can call being one of a hundred couples in a room smaller than a squash court dancing privately).

Perhaps the young things like the actual dancing. The Ritz is all laid out for them, if they do. Joe Kaye's band is pleasantly soft-hearted. The lighting is good, the atmosphere just so. A few green-canopied tables.

Cabarets are apt to change weekly. Just now Reine Pavlet, a very exciting Arabian lady with native and French songs. Also Howard Brooks, American "chatter-box." Later, Vic Oliver. Later still, Charlie Wright.

Wednesday nights (extension) are a little more full than others. Everything moves quietly and luxuriously.

And if we must discuss sordid money details, remember that the Ritz of an evening is not expensive, as these places go. Which is a comment that holds good for lunch in the restaurant, too.

The Dorchester

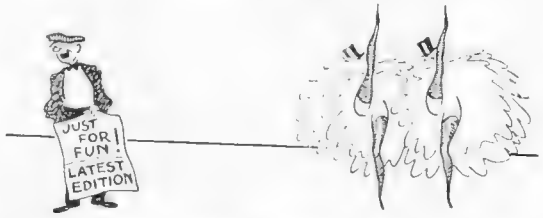
The new idea in the New Summer Edition of the Dorchester's "Just for Fun" is to change its offerings slightly every week. Which means that Naunton Wayne will produce fresh idiocies, Maurice and Cordoba will swing fresh dances, the Albertina Rasch beauties will have new turns, and other performers will come and go.

You see, the Dorchester is doing mighty well, and many of its crowd like to come week after week, and want slight inflections in their midnight entertainment.

You 'll see Señor Wences there now, doing Spanish ventriloquialities, and preferring London to Bilbao anyway. Also Henry Lorenzen from Denmark, doing some extremely witty pantomimes—man writing love-letters, man getting up in the morning, etc.

Jack Jackson plays as usual. The safety-first people book tables, especially for parties as opposed to twosomes. Thursday is extension night.

Don't forget that the Dorchester is one of those guinea-minimum places. But then, you *do* get a young revue and a Sardanapalian supper thrown in for that.



The Dorchester cabaret changes and is the same

The Café de Paris

I am writing this well past the midnight hour. I 've just seen Florence Desmond and Harry Richman on their opening night at the Café de Paris ("Paree" to Richman).

While they were getting my bill, I started a pretty hot sonnet (luckily for you, unfinished) to young Desmond, with grace notes to Richman. She 's a dream, that girl. She got going on her imitations of stars, and proved herself for all time the meanest, wickedest and most delightful "taker-offer" in the world. Bergner, Tallulah, Henson, Dickson, Amy, the Garbo and the Hepburn, Jessie—each was ultimately pilloried for us, and we called for more.

Richman sang and was in admirable fooling. He addressed us as "You lovely people," mopped his brow copiously, gave us "Old Man River," "Parlez Moi," "Wake Up and Live," "The Birth of the Blues."

They did quick revue sketches, these two together. They got the biggest hand from the biggest C. de P. crowd I 've ever witnessed. And the unchanged in the balcony shouted in unison with us exquisites below.

Extension, Wednesdays. 21s. minimum. Lew Stone plays. Society congress dances. 'Nuff said.

Balcony celebrity-spotting at the Café de Paris

BY APPOINTMENT

If you know your Wine List you know your CHAMPAGNE must be

Dry Monopole

1928

VINTAGE

THE ORIGINAL Heidsieck

ESTABLISHED 1785

Vintage or non-vintage, only the finest cuvées of this excellent Champagne are shipped to this country.

SWIMMERS

EQUESTRIENNES

ALPINISTS

GOLFERS

ECONOMISTS

ROWERS

SUN FANS

ALL DEMAND SEAGERS GIN

THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE

Piccadilly Hotel

At Dinner and Supper in
Restaurant and Grill Room

PIERRE and HUBERT PIERROTY
The famous French Drolls

VAL ROSING
Radio's outstanding Songster

THE FOUR WILKIES
Europe's fastest Adagio Dancers
(First appearance in England).

D'Amato and his Band—Louis XIV Restaurant
Jerry Hoey and his Band — Grill Room

REGENT 8000. *Extension Night Friday.*

ON PRENDRA — A BOON!

Prunier's popular 'On Prendra' Service solves the problem of Picnics, Surprise Parties, Unexpected Guests or a sudden return to town.

Pop into Prunier's, choose the dish you desire, take it away properly packed in convenient cartons, and delectably dine at home.

Oysters all the year round, and all kinds of fish and caviare

PRUNIER RESTAURANT

72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.1

Telephone: REGENT 1373/4/5

Quinto's Restaurant
(*from Monte Carlo*)

REGENT 4707 — A perfect Cuisine and Choicest Wines. Under the personal direction of "Victor."

ARLINGTON HOUSE, ARLINGTON STREET, S.W.1.

The New QUEENS

Brasserie, Bierkeller, Tyrolean Laendler Band.
Open every night till 12.30. Fully Licensed.
London's latest rendezvous.

LEICESTER SQUARE (Next the "Empire")

Quinto's

Monte Carlo dreams at Quinto's

THE more sultry London becomes, the more I like Quinto's as a bolt-hole. First because it's in a backwater where cars gather only for one purpose — to decant keen alimentarists to Quinto's itself. Second, because that view through the hallway of the flats on to the Park is like a breath of mimosa in mental stimulus. Thirdly, because once you're through the swing-doors, carpets, mirrors, cold table and tall jugs do much to bring coolth to the mind before ever you taste Victor's wines or "cups."

At Quinto's you may view the world and his wife, and find them both very smart. Remember that Victor's wines are among the most prized in London, or, if you are not in that mood, that his "cups" are cunningly fashioned to cool the very soul.

Many people use Quinto's time and time again as the perfect theatre-dinner restaurant because, apart from the food, which is superb, the service really remembers that 8.30 is when the curtain goes up, and it sees you into your car, well content, in good time. Theatre dinner is 8s. 6d.

The Trianon

THE TRIANON hasn't wasted much time establishing itself. You'll already do well to book tables for supper and dancing. But there's no crush, even when the place is full.

Tables are thoughtfully spaced, and the dance floor is, in practice, much more spacious than it is in looks. They're proud of that floor, incidentally. There's no "with or against the grain," as it's made fanwise (sort of).

Music among the flowers at the Trianon

If you come in late and business-suited, you'll probably be able to have supper round the corner there by the band, though you must be dressed to dance.

The band, which goes by no name other than the Trianon, knells as sweet that way, and is neither hot nor cold. Behind them is a floodlit rose-trellis effect, which you can see through the glass darkly. Pleasant.

Arri is a cheerful and bustling maître. The food is magnificent, and the prices are fair. Charlie Wright will be entertaining with American songs to his accordion for a bit now. Hildegarde follows.

The Lansdowne Restaurant

I WANTED our artist to show you Nikini this month. He is the smiling and chef-shaped chef who supervises and attends to the cooking of Heaven knows how many dishes per day for the ravening hordes in the restaurant. He's Italian, as you might have guessed, but the cuisine and kitchen are basically French.

Fernandez, the maître, is Spanish, so there's a decent-sized League of Nations operating behind the scenes, and you'll be hard put to it to stump them with anything you order. Their English food is, incidentally, as good as the rest.

But the artist has presumably been lunching with his eyes off the boat in what is still referred to as "The Farm" (though the decorations are Coronationally military till the end of the year). Lunch is the time when the beauties of Berkeley Square gather. It's a sight for sore eyes, certainly.

In the evening, informal and popular dancing for which you needn't change. Brian Lawrence plays. Dinner-dance is 12s. 6d., supper-dance is 7s. 6d. Lunch in the restaurant is very comfortable and Lucullan and smart. Sundays too.

Farmyard beauty at the Lansdowne

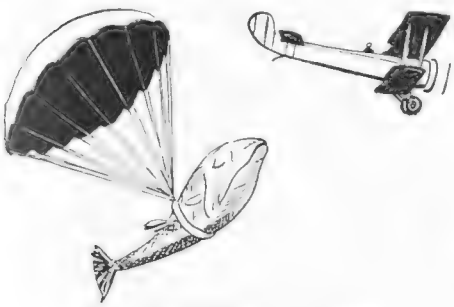
Dinner adagio at the Piccadilly

The Piccadilly

When I was lunching at one of the places mentioned in this discursive article, I saw my dentist sitting at a table across the room and my old headmaster two tables away. I mustn't say which restaurant provided those two grisly body-blows, but I was lunching next day at the Piccadilly, and I thought with relief that here was a place where I would meet neither. Nor did I. At the next table, actually, was a posse of the Irish jumping team from Olympia. Irish horse-talk is a heavenly eavesdrop.

The restaurant lunch at 5s. 6d. is grand value. A smart and happy-looking crowd. Service very swift, food faultless. A most attractive rendezvous. Evening dancing and cabaret? Pierre and Hubert Pierroty, " the famous French drolls "; Peggy Dell and the Four Wilkies. These last do some hair-raising adagio stuff. No accidents so far.

D'Amato plays in the restaurant. Jerry Hoey in the Grill. Lunch, dinner, supper and cabaret in each room. In the restaurant, they 've lowered the dance floor, which is going to make it much easier. You should certainly use the Piccadilly a lot.



Superior delicacies arrive by air at Prunier's

Prunier's

To tell oyster-fans that they can satisfy their longings at Prunier's regardless of the spelling of the current months is shipping coals up the Tyne. Their Blue Points and Portugaises, as well as Belons and Marennes, are very good summer substitutes for Whitstables, and Prunier's being Prunier's, you can be sure they 'll be at the top of their form.

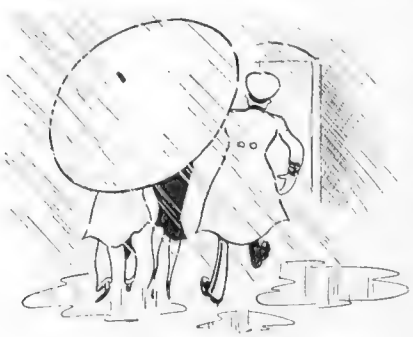
Other hot-weather mouth-waterers: Bouillabaisse en Gelée, Rouget Barbet à l'Orientale, Crabe Mexicain, Terrine de Lièvre, and, more locally named, Mayonnaise de Volaille St. James. Afterwards? Try their wild strawberries with " Isigny " cream. And if you 're doubtful how to begin your meal, you 'll see a good suggestion at the top of the right-hand page of the menu. A plate of mixed sea food, with a glass of cool white wine, tout compris, 4s. (Mme. Prunier, by the way, uses the airways a lot to get her more perishable dainties over from the Continent crisp for your delight.)

Just recently, and besides their rather special Chablis, Anjou's, Barsacs, great vintages of claret, burgundy and champagne, and eaux-de-vie de fruits, they 've got their Prunier's Cup going. Hush-hush recipe.

Don't forget the " Degustation Hour." Nor the " On Prendra " service.

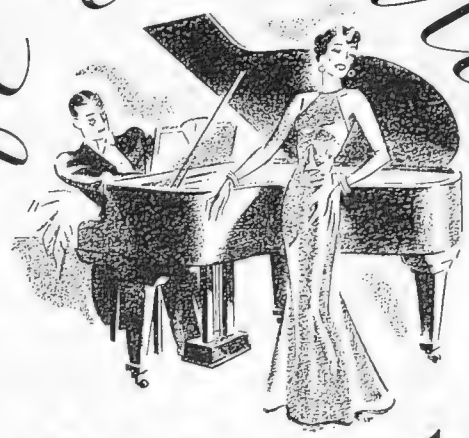
Le Perroquet

By sheer good luck, my daily-breading is within an easy brassie-shot of Bellometti's inviting little door. In consequence, I know his lunch-time offerings and atmospherics by long practice, especially on pay days. Then, selfishly, and for lunching special clients (also rather selfishly, I 'm afraid), the Perroquet has been royally right. From the big umbrella that the warrior holds over your head at the door if it is raining, past the very dry sherry from the cask, through melon, sole and chicken to a small but pungent cigar, here is contentment vast in a little space.



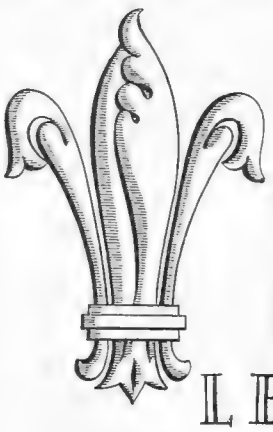
From English summer to the Perroquet's real summer

Generally, for some reason, you 'll find a supremely pretty girl

Café Chantant

Ritz

. . . cabaret stars entertain you nightly. Dancing to JOE KAYE'S Ritz Dance Band. Extension night: Wednesday.

PICCADILLY, W.1. • PHONE: REGENT 8181



Come and see
CHARLIE WRIGHT
at
LE TRIANON

Every night at midnight, starting July 5th, London's latest and loveliest Restaurant. Dancing to Le Trianon Orchestra. The best dance floor in London. Exquisite cuisine. (Evening Dress, of course, essential.)

LE TRIANON

85-6-7, JERMYN STREET, W.1

Telephone: WHItehall 1471 (10 lines.)

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT

CLARGES STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Recherché French Restaurant.

FLEMINGS HOTEL

HALF MOON STREET. PICCADILLY W.1

A quietly luxurious hotel, situated in the heart of the West End, and noted for its cuisine, comfort and service. Double and single rooms, large and small suites.

'Phone: Grosvenor 2964.

'Grams: Clarghotel, Audley, London.

The Lansdowne

LONDON'S COOLEST RESTAURANT

THE MOST UP-TO-DATE AIR-WASHING AND COOLING PLANT IN LONDON MAKES THE LANSDOWNE THE IDEAL RESTAURANT FOR LUNCHEON ON SUMMER DAYS.

Under the Management of **FERNANDEZ**

Luncheon - 5/6 + Early Dinner 8/6
Dinner Dance 10/6 + Supper - - 7/6

BRIAN LAWRANCE and his Band
and the **GINX QUARTETTE**

The newly decorated Farm adjoins the Restaurant and specializes in Quick Meals, Snacks and Theatre Dinners at reasonable à la carte prices.

BERKELEY SQUARE W.1 MAYFAIR 1657

★ BLUE ROOM RESTAURANT
JERMYN STREET, S.W.1
Telephone: *Regent 3220*

★ EXCELLENT CUISINE
LUNCH 4/6 DINNER 8/6
SUPPER 7/6 and a la Carte

★ DANCING DURING DINNER
AND SUPPER TO
FIORENTI'S GAUCHO'S
C A B A R E T

★ Visit the BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN BAR

EXTENSION OF LICENCE EVERY THURSDAY until 2 a.m.

over there on the right as you come in. Not the same girl, and not always only one.

Let me advise you on this. Unless you 've made up your mind exactly what dishes you 'd like, tell Bellometti roughly what you want to pay—5s. lunch, 6s. 6d. dinner, so to speak—and leave the rest to him. He 'll probably produce a meal which, by his own card, would cost you about double ! See his wine list, and his visitors' book. Not Sundays.

The Blue Room gets more and more Russian

The Blue Room

IT wasn't till I was told about it that I realised wherein lay the "difference" of those silver plus-foured bandboys who play for dancing under Fiorenti's leadership. They haven't got a saxophone, they haven't got a trumpet, and they haven't got a piano. They *have* got rhythm, though, and a pleasing way with waltzes and soft numbers. Dancing to their music is as easy as it comes, and the floor isn't often crowded. Which is also nice.

Cabarets are going slowly east towards Russia, and Captain Vivien, of the Red Sarafan, is dreaming his dreams. He is a handsome master of the ceremonies, and his wayward English is the more attractive the more crowded his ideas become.

The Blue Room lovelies still dance and drape themselves to attractive patterns. The chef still comes in around seven o'clock in the evening with hot hors-d'œuvre for the cocktail crowd in the bar. Thursdays are the extension nights in the restaurant. 7s. 6d. the supper-dance prix fixe. A pleasant place, the Blue Room, and one for which I have a prejudicial soft corner of my heart.

The New Clarges

I DON'T know any streets in London that can be so noisomely hot and tarry as Half Moon and Clarges when the sun gets going. And I don't know any more gratefully recurrent surprise than to walk into Fleming's and find their restaurant as cool and sequestered as a rose-garden.

The New Clarges can think of a dish even for that mood

Offhand you 'd think that the staff would take a grey view of anybody coming to disturb their dewy lot. But they shimmer around all smiles at your arrival so that you imagine they 'd been waiting for just this moment. Amongst them, modest, retiring, and a great force for good, is Binaco himself, most courteous of maîtres. If you express approval of your meal—and you 'll certainly feel it—his face lights up. You feel you 've done him a good turn, whereas he has actually done *you* one.

Let Binaco fix your meal for you. He 'll get into a huddle with his boys and there will be no mistake about the result. You won't mind the bill, either. This isn't an expensive place, really. And it 's tremendously good. For lunch, for dinner, and for quiet, after-the-cinema supper. Bless it !

The Austria

THE AUSTRIA has only been open two months, so there 's more to say about it, by way of introduction, than space allows. It is on the first floor of the modernised Winston Hotel. You go in plum opposite the London Pavilion. You sit there and you look out and down on the heart of the world.

Alfons Purtscher has painted murals in the entrance passages,

Greeting places they know at the Austria

so Austrian that you want to yodel. The restaurant itself is in red and chandeliers—style Franz Joseph.

Soon, when Herr Kasznar comes back from Austria with even more local colour, Harold (brother of Albert) Sandler's excellent orchestra may go into decorated braces and lederhosen. They play czardas better than fox-trots, but most dancers modestly leave the floor for the former.

Order a Wiener Schnitzel, and it is prepared by Count Horvatavich, head of the Austrian cuisine. But order a tournedos and you get it from maître Abate's straightforward international menu. Don't forget the excellent Hungarian dessert wines or the Austrian régie cigars, reasonably priced, too.

At the moment, midnight ends the licensed hour at the Austria. The Salzburg grill, cheerful little room à la Weinstube, closes down a bit earlier.

Bavarian Reminders at the New Queen's

The New Queen's

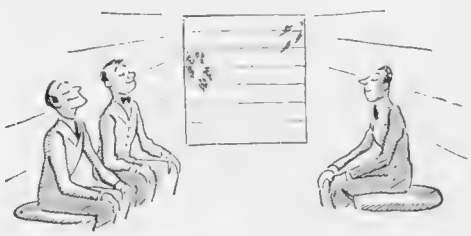
As an individual Eldorado seeker, I 'm jealously secretive about my discoveries. As a professional cicerone, I have to shout my findings. As the former, I 'm all in favour of the New Queen's hiding its light underground and unannounced by neons (much) or ballyhoo. As the latter, with a repressed business penchant, I would suggest that far too people realise as they walk east from the Empire Cinema that they are passing, rather foolishly, one of the most attractive new places in town.

At ground-level you 'll see only the bar. But go down the steps and you 'll find yourself in Bavaria and points north and south, with good beer on mats and in steins, good music of a Tyrolean type much appreciated, good service and rattling good food of every type under the suns of the old and the new world : Danish and Swedish sandwiches, German and Austrian plats du jour, American salads and Maryland chicken, and sweets in season from all points of the compass.

It is a large, low, raftered bierkeller, cool and comforting. Prices are extremely reasonable. You don't have to change in the evenings. There 's no dancing.

Hyde Park Hotel Buttery

UNLESS you are a Knightsbridgian by residence, you may only know the Hyde Park Hotel as the place for wedding receptions, and where your rich Uncle George always stays when he 's up from Norfolk. Its restaurant was (and is) good for solid lunching and dining, but not as convenient as some, perhaps, for hurried shopping lunches, quick theatre dinners.



Eternal Sunshine Blazes at the Hyde Park Buttery Windows

Well, you ought to go and see their new Buttery. Don't all go together, for Heaven's sake, because the place is small, and all the nicer for its smallness. At the moment there are only a dozen little tables for feeding all told. That and a bar. But the service is rapid, and the food delightful. Monsieur Cahouet, the chef, is from the Ritz.

The Buttery is open on Sundays. The decorations at the moment are pleasantly light, and they 've got an arrangement which, of an evening, gives the effect of sunshine. Prices are very reasonable. They have a plat du jour around 3s. which is a good meal in itself. And—well, if you find all the tables taken next time you 're in, don't forget I told you *not* all to go together. R. U.

IN THE CENTRE OF GAY LONDON

Piccadilly Circus . . . . the hub of the world . . . . the heart of Theatreland . . . . the centre of the smartest shops. Here, the WINSTON HOTEL awaits to bid you welcome. Comfort, courtesy and cuisine all vie with each other to win your approval.

Try the perfect cuisine of the new AUSTRIA RESTAURANT and SALZBURG GRILL—delightful atmosphere, Viennese Music, and Dancing—in the

Winston HOTEL

PICCADILLY—CIRCUS

ENTRANCE: 1, JERMYN ST., S.W.1

Phone: WHItehall 7361.

The Dorchester ★

PRESENTS A SUMMER EDITION

★ 'JUST FOR FUN'

"A cabaret that surpasses anything of its kind in London"— Evening Standard

NAUNTON WAYNE, "THAT GREAT COMPERE" —SUNDAY DISPATCH

★

FIRST APPEARANCE IN EUROPE OF

MAURICE AND CORDOBA, "REACH A NEW HIGH IN DANCING" —DAILY EXPRESS

★

SENOR WENCES, "AN AMAZING YOUNG MAN FROM SPAIN" —EVENING NEWS

★

FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND OF

HENRY LORENZEN, "AN AMUSING YOUNG MAN FROM COPENHAGEN"

★

AND NEW DANCES BY

THE ALBERTINA RASCH GIRLS, FROM THE ST. REGIS HOTEL, NEW YORK,

THEKLA HORN

★

JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND

★

PRODUCED BY HENRY SHEREK

VEERASWAMY'S

INDIA RESTAURANT

99, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

NEW AND LARGER PREMISES OVERLOOKING REGENT STREET

ALL KINDS OF INDIAN, BURMESE AND CEYLONESE DISHES PREPARED BY EXPERT INDIAN COOKS AND SERVED BY INDIAN KHITMUTGARS

There is also a delightful choice of English and French dishes.

ENTIRELY REDECORATED ● OPEN SUNDAYS ● REGENT 1380 ● FULLY LICENSED

Le Perroquet G. Bellometti

An intimate Restaurant where you can enjoy excellent food and wines . . . Be sure and book your table.

43 · LEICESTER SQUARE · WHITEHALL 2996

Treasure from Scotland

THE FAMOUS

GROUSE BRAND WHISKY

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

THE
HAUTBOY HOTEL
OCKHAM—RIPLEY—SURREY

Luncheons + Teas + Dinners
Old-World Gardens in Lovely Surroundings

"VISIT
THE HOME OF YQUEM"

Best Cocktails on the Portsmouth Road

21 miles from London

Telephone: Ripley 20 Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Adams

HOTEL de PARIS

BRAY-ON-THAMES

An incomparable week-end retreat from town. Luxurious bedrooms (private bathrooms — perfect food — tennis —dancing—and, of course, a licence. What more does anyone need?

FULL RESTAURANT LICENCE till 11-30 p.m. —and it's Open All Night — LET'S GO!

FOR HEALTH & PLEASURE

STANDS in own beautiful grounds of 200 acres, including 18-hole golf course and home farm. Magnificent sea and mountain air. Fully licensed, superb cuisine and accommodation. Private suites. 95 bedrooms. Garage. Officially appointed A.A. and R.A.C.

OWN GOLF COURSE & RIDING SCHOOL, BALLROOM, COCKTAIL BAR Etc.

OAKWOOD PARK HOTEL

Telephone CONWAY 25
Telegrams OAKWOOD, CONWAY
CONWAY, N. WALES

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE 2/6 PER COPY

(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, Ltd.,
32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

Going Out of London

Some Places to Remember

THIS Coronation season has been brilliant but exhausting. We are all tired of functions and big parties. An invitation received from friends in the country is eagerly accepted, but these visits are so often a disappointment. "For the cocktail so hot and the bath, which was not"—we send our thanks to our hostess, but inwardly vow to go to a good hotel next time we can get away, whether it is for a few hours or a few days.

Hotel de Paris

FIRST on my list I place the Hotel de Paris at Bray. It is the most comfortable, exclusive and luxurious of the riverside hotels and restaurants. "Charles," the proprietor, was known all over the world when he reigned at the Berkeley and Savoy. Now, with a dog at his heels like any other country gentlemen, he keeps up a standard of good living at this hotel, which, alas! very few country gentlemen can offer their guests to-day.

The gardens are beautiful, and you can bathe or play tennis there. I cannot promise a moon, but all the atmosphere of romance lies by the riverside. At night there is dancing to a first-class band while waiters unobtrusively produce the best food and wine a gourmet can desire, and the bill translated, if need be, into dollars, francs, or any known currency in Europe.

If you can stay for a few days you get luxurious bedrooms with bathroom, and the service and attention of a first-class staff.

The Hautboy Hotel, Ockham

TOP marks, from a purely gastronomic point of view, should go, I think, to the Hautboy at Ockham, about 22 miles from London on the Portsmouth Road.

Somehow one does not expect much in the way of food or wine in a picturesque old country hotel tucked away in wild woods and a typically English garden. The pleasure with which a connoisseur will enjoy the fare at the Hautboy is increased by surprise, until he realises that the host's charming wife—Mrs. Adams—is French, and with a French woman in charge of the cuisine the immense importance of the dinner is never overlooked! Every detail must be perfect—every sauce a work of art in itself—and, with the correct wine, becomes the perfect complement of the dish served.

The contents of the cellar deserve inspection and a respectful choice. Curiously enough, the old name for the place was "Yquem." The monks who lived there in mediæval times were turned out by order of Henry VIII., and the name changed to "Ockham." The community fled to France, and at Yquem, near Bordeaux, founded a new house where they tended the vineyards and started making the famous "Château Yquem" wines, specimens of which have now found their way back to the Hautboy, and may be drunk at Ockham to-day.

If you can stay for a few days you may chance to see some famous cricket matches on the village ground nearby. You should also visit the Smuggler's Den and the ruined church which adjoins the grounds, and not far off at the other side of the Portsmouth Road is the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens. But your visit over, it is the exquisite quality of the fare and the charming reception with which you were received which will linger longest in your memory.

The Gay Adventure

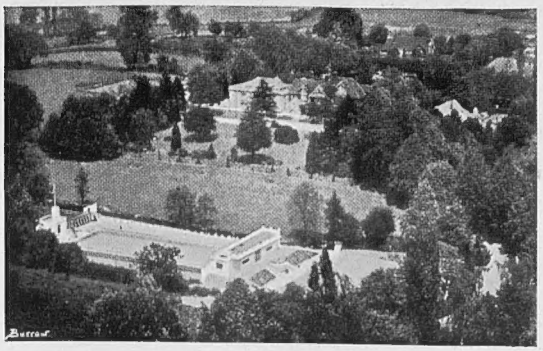
AT Esher, 15 miles from London on the London-Portsmouth Road, there is an important turning on the right. It takes you "To the Gay Adventure." It is a country restaurant, good and unpretentious in a pretty old house partly Elizabethan and wholly charming. The bathing-pool and sun-beach and the lawn with its awnings and tea tables are set among the trees and shrubberies of an old English garden sloping gently to the river's edge: it 's a place to rest and linger.

The food is very good; the restaurant is fully licensed.

The Chase Hotel, Ingatestone

THE Chase Hotel, Ingatestone, is the only house of its kind in East Anglia, and an ideal place to break the journey between London and the East Coast.

From China to Galway, and even on board his Majesty's men-of-war or in a convent, I have never seen anywhere better kept—such shiny linoleum, such well-polished furniture and twinkling brass and silver, such well-mown lawns. It is a country house which has been transformed into an up-to-date restaurant and hotel; has a large ball-room and out-of-door swimming-pool; new squash courts, tennis courts, badminton tables, etc. No one could be bored there.



The Chase, Ingatestone

The food is excellent and all meals from breakfast to supper are served at reasonable prices. Lunch from 2s. 6d. and dinner, 3s. 6d. It is possible to enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of a country club whenever you visit The Chase, and the restaurant is open to non-residents up to all hours.

The Water Splash, London Colney

THE Water Splash, at London Colney, near St. Alban's, is, as its name implies, primarily a swimming-pool, but the restaurant well deserves a call from those who enjoy the pleasures of the table. The old manor house has lost little of its charm in its conversion to commercial use, and the large tea-lounge and the two dining-rooms are comfortable and retain the charm of a more dignified age. Another advantage is the very large motor park.

The Ace of Spades

No article about "Out-of-London" hotels and restaurants is complete without a reference to the Ace of Spades.

This famous port of call on the Kingston by-pass is a "great spot" and a wonderful place for unexpected meetings. The day I was there Charles Laughton was greeting Max and "Buddy" Baer, whom he had last seen in sunny California! It was a very happy meeting.

For a time the Baer brothers abandoned boxing to act for the films and, with instructions from their manager to keep fit for contests to come, they made the Ace of Spades their training-ground, and used the famous swimming-pool every day.

Those of our readers who also wish to attain physical perfection, I advise to follow their example, for besides swimming you can dance and ride there; you can even play polo.

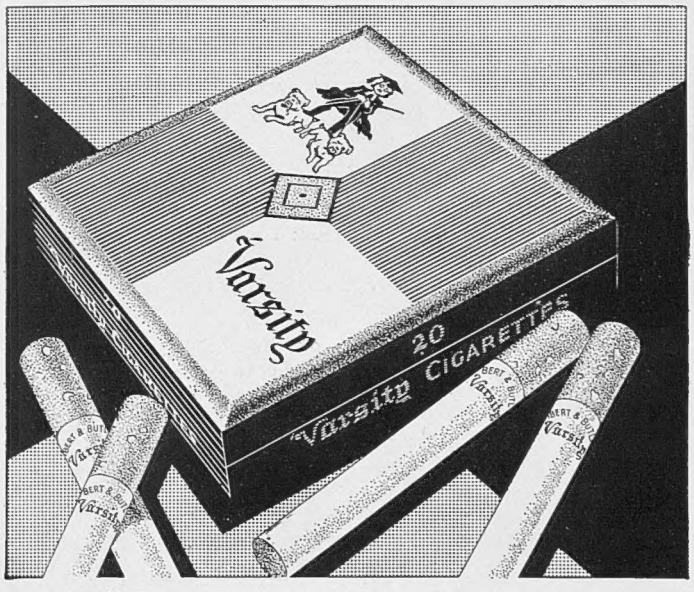
To those less anxious about their physical development, I will add that the restaurant is fully licensed and open all night as well as all day.

The Ace of Spades is Famous to All Travellers of the Kingston By-Pass

The Chase
INGATESTONE. ESSEX
Motoring to the East Coast call for :—
Breakfast
Lunch
Tea or
Dinner
Open all through the year
Dress Dance every Saturday, 3/-
Swimming,
Squash, Tennis,
Badminton, etc.
Phone : Ingatestone 43.

The Water Splash
LONDON COLNEY, Nr. St. ALBANS
Restaurant
Riding
Swimming
London Colney 29

To the
Gay Adventure
Restaurant
Fine cooking,
Choice Wines,
Exquisite Pool—warmed, floodlit
Dancing
Fully Licensed to 11.30 p.m.
The charm and beauty of the "Gay Adventure" is unique—15 miles from London
The
Gay Adventure
on the Esher-Walton Road
ESHER-SURREY
Telephone
ESHER 322



Varsity

There is no better filter-tipped cigarette obtainable. The quality of the tobacco is beyond dispute—
Varsity are made by LAMBERT & BUTLER

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd V.92
TEN FOR SIXPENCE TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

slimming

REDEX—applied *externally*—absolutely harmless—approved by physicians

NO DIETING
ACTS IN 7 TO 10 DAYS
IN 3 WEEKS YOU ARE SLIM!

Definitely the safest and most effective flesh-reducing preparation ever produced. Applied *externally* — cannot interfere with digestion . . . . Absolutely harmless — can be applied to the most sensitive parts of the body. Analytical report says: "Contains nothing deleterious or irritating to the skin." . . . . . Redex reduces flesh *only where it is applied* — and reduces only *excess* flesh . . . . Simply rub Redex into the skin gently for a few minutes a day. In 7 to 10 days results begin to show. In 3 weeks you are slim!

Mrs. A. G.* reports, before finishing third bottle: "Before using Redex, waist 32 ins., hips 41 ins., top of arm 14 ins.,—to-day 29 ins., 39 ins., and 11 ins. I have not done any dieting and have never felt better." (*Original letter can be seen at our London Office.)

Rēdex
for SLIMMING

21/- a bottle

At Selfridge's, Fortnum & Mason's, Bentall's, leading Boots branches, Army & Navy Stores, Marshall & Snelgrove's, and all good stores and chemists. If any trouble in obtaining, post free from us by sending the attached coupon.

To REDEX PROPRIETARIES Ltd., 85/86, New Bond Street, London, W.1
Please send me, post free ..... bottle(s) of Redex, for which I enclose .....
NAME (Mr., Mrs., or Miss).....
ADDRESS.....
.....
G 112 PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN CAPITAL LETTERS

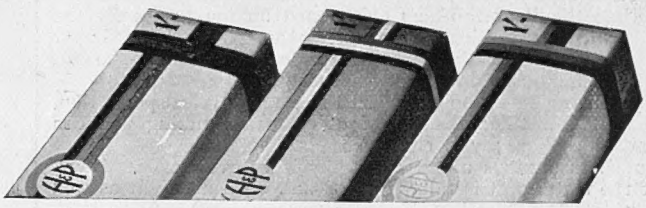
Hedley, Byrne & Co.

ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY
BY
HARRY RICHMAN
AND
FLORENCE DESMOND

DANCING
to LEW STONE
and his Radio Band

Direction : M. Poulsen & F. Stocco
Manager : Mr. Charles (Late May Fair Hotel).
GERRARD 2462.

Café de Paris



VICTORIA GROSVENOR DORCHESTER

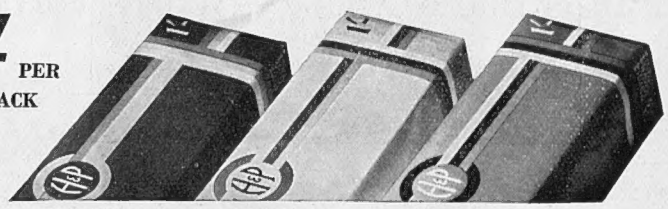
Compliments are flying

Guests are congratulating their hostesses—Huntley & Palmers new idea for Savoury Biscuits *is* such a brainwave! Four different Savoury Sorts in each of six different Drypacks . . . . . it's the grand new way to buy your favourite Savoury biscuits.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
Four Savoury Sorts

Six smart packs in six gay shades. Four different varieties in each.

1/- PER DRYPACK



CRITERION MAYFAIR BERKELEY

The
EMPIRE
GROUP OF
HOTELS

ALWAYS FIRST-CLASS

The Hotels comprising this well-known group appeal to those who value twentieth-century comforts.

The keynote is efficiency in service—cheerful surroundings—amusements for the younger generation as well as for those of quieter tastes—food of the best quality skilfully prepared, and wines from our Central Cellars with a 70 years' reputation.

GRANVILLE HOTEL
Ramsgate

Tonic air of Kentish Coast. Overlooking the sea. Five classic golf courses nearby. Hydropathic and Electrical treatments by qualified attendants. Hot and Cold sea-water baths on all floors. Central heating throughout. Own garage and car park adjoins Hotel.

Hotels under the control of Empire Hotels Ltd.:

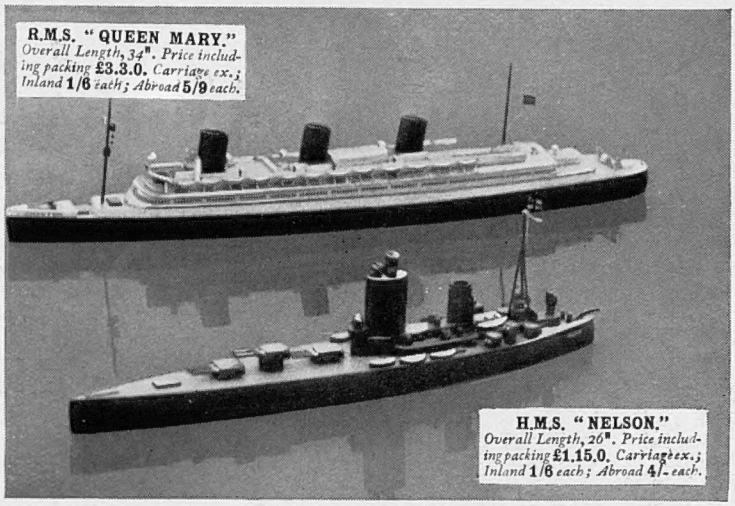
Bath - - The Empire
Blackpool The Metropole
Brighton - The Grand
Bushey - Bushey Hall
London—16 miles—free golf
Eastbourne - The Queen's
Lynton The Valley of Rocks
Ramsgate - The Granville
Scarborough The Grand
Southampton The South-Western

AND

LONDON
Bailey's Hotel
Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
South Kensington Hotel,
Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

Brochures and Tariffs from Resident Managers or from Head Office, 35 New Bridge St., E.C.4.

THE FLEET IN MINIATURE



● *Electrically propelled Models and complete set of Code Signal Flags in full Colours with instructions . . .*

Interest in our Fleet and mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale models of our mightiest battleship, H.M.S. *Nelson*, the latest type of cruiser, H.M.S. *Southampton*, and our greatest liner, R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. The models, electrically propelled, are offered at exceptionally low prices. Details of H.M.S. Southampton (not illustrated). Length 23½". Price 30/- (Carriage Inland 1/6; Abroad 4/-).

COMMUNICATION BY FLAG SIGNALS. Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags. By learning their meaning you will not only be enabled to increase the speed of your own signalling, but will be able to decipher signals made by real ships at sea. The models can be manœuvred by hand, using small, mobile trolleys, the extra cost of which is 2/-.

Orders with remittance should be sent to Dept. B.4., London Electrotype Agency Ltd., 23-24, Fetter Lane, E.C.4, where models can be seen.

Ems
Rhineland

World-renowned Spa against Catarrhs and Asthma.

(Golf Championship, August 9—15.)

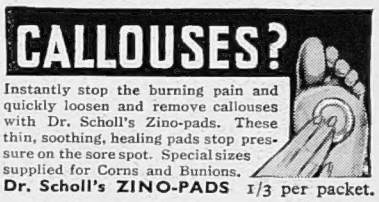
SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, JERMYN ST., LONDON, W.1.

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
RENDELLS



ASTHMA

Himrod's Cure, backed up by a 65-year record, has brought relief to thousands throughout the world. It relaxes the bronchial tubes; permits natural breathing and gives prompt relief. Get it to-day, but *insist on the genuine.*

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST
HIMROD'S CURE

£30 to £5000 lent
Without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen.
Write
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS. LTD.,
4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

Private CASH Advances
By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,
14, Clifford St., London, W.1. Est. 1913.
£50 to £5,000
Without Security.

Have YOU Talkie Personality?
SEE AND HEAR YOURSELF ON THE SCREEN.
TALKIE TESTS in actual Film Studio conditions, carried out by expert Technicians.
TEST TO BECOME YOUR OWN PROPERTY.
Write at once, or 'phone for full particulars—
STUDIO MANAGER, FILM STUDIOS,
ST. MARGARETS - TWICKENHAM.
POPesgrove: 4444

"Put down a North British

I'VE GOT TO WIN THIS HOLE"

NORTH BRITISH PERFECTION GIVES YOU

1 *Distance without forced effort.*
2 *Perfect control through the greens.*
3 *Long service with uniform results.*
4 *Sweet and true response in putting.*

THIS IS ACHIEVED BY THE SCIENTIFIC ADJUSTMENT OF

A *The stretch of the rubber.*
B *Plasticity of the centre.*
C *Tenacity and degree of hardness of cover.*
D *Coalition of the cover and core.*

NORTH BRITISH

two shillings

From your Professional—Recess or Lattice.

Made in Edinburgh by The North British Rubber Co. Ltd.